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A Mustang Match Against Time.

It has long been asserted by competent horsemen that the common Mexican or California horse, or, as he is commonly designated, "Mustang," is the most enduring animal in the world, and that his speed, if fairly put to the test, would astonish the advocates of "blooded stock," high feeding, and fancy training. The English and Americans from the older states, who have been brought up to use the infamous pig-skin saddles, double reins, martingales, short stirrups, and whips, always stoutly assert, in spite of the evidence of their own eyes, that the Spanish-American riding, with Spanish bit, comparatively heavy saddle, and long stirrup, sitting at ease and perfectly erect, with the legs straightened out at full length, as if they were walking, and mounted on under-sized horses of Arabian or Moorish descent, could not accomplish the distance, nor ride with so little fatigue as the Englishman, mounted on his high-bred, bob-tailed bay, with a little bit of pig-skin under him, a snaffle-bit in his horse's mouth, on which he pulls with both hands, and his main strength, all the time forcing his horse's neck out of its natural position and thereby impeding his respiration, while he himself bobbed up and down like a demented pump-handle, rising and falling with every movement of the horse.

In old times, the young men of Los Angelos were compelled to go to Santa Barbara for their licenses to marry. The distance was sixty-five miles by mountain trails and along the sea shore, taking the shortest cut they could make; and yet the young caballeros made it a point of honor always to ride there and back within the twenty-four hours preceding their marriage, making the entire distance of 130 miles, the toughest kind of riding in a hot, dry climate, with a single horse. They would leave Los Angelos after dinner, riding at a gallop all the way, and reaching Santa Barbara before midnight, take a sleep until morning, get the license and ride back in the blazing sun, arriving in season for the celebration of the nuptials in the afternoon, then dance all night at the grand ball given in honor of the auspicious event. An Englishman who heard this statement remarked instantly, "Haw, well, that's all very well for Hamerica, but an Hinglishman would a done it in 'alf the time!" What more could be said?

Now it is known that the greatest feat of horsemanship ever accomplished in England was that of Mr. Osbaldiston, who rode 200 miles in 8 hours and 42 minutes, and he was a small man, riding large and powerful horses. No other Englishman has ever equalled this feat.

In May, 1858, Jack Powers rode 150 miles in 6 hours and 43 minutes and 34 seconds, riding California stock; and subsequently Tom McNabb rode 200 miles in 10 hours.

About a month since, in San Francisco, a party of horsemen were discussing the question of the comparative merits of imported blood-stock and the common California mustangs, and the different styles of riding, when Edward Whipple offered to bet $2,500 against $5,000 that no man could be found to ride 300 miles in 15 consecutive hours. He was at once taken up by Louis Burns and John Cahill, who named N. H. Mowery as the man to ride. The match was all agreed upon on the spot, and since then there has been constant betting going on as to the result. It will be seen that the rider must average a mile every three minutes for fifteen consecutive hours, allowing nothing for loss of time in changing horses at every second, third or fourth mile, accidents, nor unaccountable delays. The general feeling was that he could never succeed, and in the betting the *odds* were decidedly against him. Sunday, August 2d, was fixed on for this race against time.

The race took place at Bay View Park, a few miles north of the city, over a mile track. The animals, thirty in number, selected by Mr. Mowery, were the common California mustangs and half-breeds, none of them full-sized, but all full of the indomitable pluck and life which belongs to the descendants of the gallant steeds which were ridden into Spain by the fiery followers of Musa and Taric, when at the bidding of the Commander of the Faithful the conquerors of Africa poured into Europe, there to spread the knowledge of the true God and the law of the Koran. Mr. Mowery is an old Californian, apparently of about the middle age, weighs 160 pounds, and rode with a heavy Mexican California saddle, Spanish bit, and free rein.

At 4.40 o'clock he sprang into the saddle and rode the first horse four times around the track—that is to say four miles—at a dead run. Attendants stood ready at the stand to saddle and bring out the fresh horses as he beckoned for them in coming around; and he changed animals rapidly, riding none of them three miles after the first, and few of them more than two. The Mexican dodge of "rushing" was constantly resorted to. An attendant would ride one-fourth or one-third of the way down the track to meet him as he came in; then, wheeling his horse, ride back behind him yelling, "*vamos! vamos! whoop-ah vamos!*" and swinging his hat as if frantic. This would start the flagging animal into redoubled exertions, and he would come in fairly flying. A single sharp pull on the Spanish bit would stop the animal in a second, and in two or three more the rider would be on a fresh animal and off again. Sometimes the mile or two miles would be ridden one way around the track, sometimes the other, in order to relieve the rider by changes as far as practicable. Early in the morning the race-track was crowded with people, and before 2 P. M. the jam was immense. Up to 12 M. the rider refused all assistance in mounting and remounting; but after that his attendants would occasionally give him a lift, apparently not so much because he required it as for fear that he might do so before the race was over. At the end of two hundred miles a rest was taken, and a placard was displayed from the judges' stand that the two hundred miles had been accomplished in eight hours, two minutes and forty-eight seconds—thus beating by forty minutes the time made by Mr. Osbaldiston, with race horses, in England. Then the start was made on the third hundred miles, Mr. Mowery having had a bath and otherwise refreshed himself, and appearing good for two hundred more, if required. The bets now changed, and large odds were offered on his winning, with but few takers, and those of the obstinate English bob-tail and pig-skin school. He now made a mile in 2.08, and the average speed was 2.30 throughout. There was a very heavy wind blowing across the track at this time, and the average speed must have been considerably unfavorably affected by this fact, nevertheless he "kept up his lick" amid the cheering of the crowd, never flagging for an instant. A halt was made for a second bath, and from time to time an attendant would dash a little water over Mowery's head as he rode along. At one time a friend who was at the stand ran forward and offered his own horse for a ride over the track. Mowery was on him in an instant, and rode, not only once, but three times around. As he came around the second time the owner made a fruitless attempt to catch him, and only succeeded in catching a fall, as the rider, sitting erect as a bronze statue, dashed past. The crowd yelled with delight at this, and, as Mowery came around the third time, shouted to him "go it again!" but that would have been carrying the joke too far, and he changed horses, while the officious friend led his own away amid the jeers and cheers of the spectators.

At 6.49 P. M., just fourteen hours and nine minutes from the start, the three-hundredth mile was accomplished, and a perfect roar of applause broke from the multitude as the underrated horseman started once more "just for luck." The last mile was made in two minutes and nine seconds, making the unprecedented distance of 301 miles in fourteen hours, eleven minutes and nine seconds, and beating anything previously accomplished in the world in this line. The judges declared the money won, and announced the time. The gates were flung open, and the vast concourse, in carriages of every description, on horseback and on foot, poured out on the road toward San Francisco, an indiscriminate race on "the devil take the hindmost" plan being inaugurated. As the crowd streamed away toward the city, the most conspicuous object in it was an Englishman on a tall, raw-boned bay, with a stump of a tail sticking up like an abbreviated flagstaff behind, riding on a pig-skin, with short stirrups, top boots, plug hat, an eye-glass and a cane. His appearance was so indescribably ludicrous by contrast with what had just been seen, that yells and roars of laughter greeted him at every jump for miles. So ended the great California mustang race against time.

Climatic Curiosities.

It is a frequent subject of remark in the Ohio Valley, that settling the country, clearing, and ditching the land, constantly makes it drier; that old wells and springs are drying up, and, each succeeding summer, branches run dry which never did before. The French Agricultural Report makes the same complaint, and calls upon the Government to stop the destruction of the forests, as the means of preserving the rivers. But here, with settlement, exactly the reverse phenomena are presented, and the quantity of rain in western Nebraska and Kansas has doubled within the memory of man. Perhaps this is due somewhat to the trees planted on new farms, but I think also that the breaking up of the sod allows it to absorb more moisture than it could in the prairie state, and in many instances turning a hundred acres of sod will renew an old spring. Fresh streams are starting in gullies which have been dry for hundreds, perhaps thousands of years. Thus "springs break out in the thirsty wilderness, and streams of water in the dry ground!" Here is an important principle at work, which will enable agriculture to make great advances on what is now the American desert. Akin to these are the facts of heavy rains this summer in Colorado and California, states where the rule of dry summers seems to have been invariable heretofore. Who shall divine the law of such revolutions?

A Border Editor.

The editor of the Owykee Avalanche, by way of describing his agreeable vocation, as conductor of a frontier paper, makes the following interesting reflections:

"Oh, the felicity of editing a paper! Charming, agreeable, in a horn! Fascinating, attractive occupation, but so difficult to appreciate. How nicely and smoothly one gets along without an 'onpleasantness!' For instance, in a recent issue we referred directly to a ruffian known as Captain Prescot, and incidentally to a guerrilla named Al. Cage. We did this in justice to ourselves and community at large. The other day, while quietly seated in our sanctum, taxing our brain for more copy, 'in response to the everlasting cry of the devil,' the two above-named villains, one of them armed with a hatchet, and the other with a bowie-knife of large dimensions, made a violent attack upon our person. The only alternative was to fight or die. We accordingly seized a large knife, about two feet long, used for cutting paper, and bled our assailants pretty freely. They sued for mercy, we spared their worthless lives and told them to dust, and they got up and dusted. We would take this occasion to state that if ever they or any one else attack us with the intention of doing us bodily harm, we will shoot them dead in their tracks or cut their throats from ear to ear."

Domestic.

In a private letter from Berne, Switzerland, a gentleman, speaking of the "Pension," in which he and his family are established, writes:—"The first time we sat at table, the servant, a tall, comely Swiss lassie, spilled our milk while putting it upon the table. The second time she spilled it over my coat. The poor girl was, of course, covered with confusion. Our English friends explained her awkwardness by telling us that she was not a servant, but an heiress, who, according to the custom of the country, was serving a sort of apprenticeship to the cook in order to qualify herself to preside in her own household one of these days." A similar custom, followed for a moderate length of time, might not be amiss for some of our young girls.

ONE "J. H. Crossman" publishes in an English journal a piece of information worth knowing. He says that the mosquitoes at Mentone, where he passed last October, were remarkably vigilant and bloodthirsty, and that neither curtain nor lotion had any perceptible effects in damping their appetites. But one day, by accident, Mrs. Crossman gathered in the course of her morning's walk a branch of wild rosemary, and placed it in her bed-room. From that time forward no single mosquito ventured into the room; and during the remainder of their stay at Mentone, Mr. and Mrs. Crossman slumbered unbitten and undisturbed under the protecting shade of the wild rosemary branch.

☞ A dominie, examining his scholars on the Bible lesson, asked a young urchin the question, "Who was Jessie?" Without hesitation the boy answered, "The flower of Dumblane, sir."

NEWS OF T

LOUIS NAPOLEON' you have heard of falling from the ceili loon at Fontainebles the lives of Emperor a very serious matter have been much mo The place was a favo perial pair—a quiet celestial world, guard and here on the mo had they been closete ink out of the marve now ground to pow reached the thresho chandelier fell with smashed the table, pu and half buried itself press did not faint, been more serious eve bent on making pilgri The accident, of cour of attention here, and more were abroad abo the rest of it. Exper examine the wood by was suspended, but th of it; and the only not, if you can possib chandelier.

SALE OF AMERICAN 27.—The steamship rived at Liverpool a f a large quantity of York, to be sold in th cordingly put up at yesterday, and the w 100s. per ton. Engl quality readily bring 200s. per ton.

—A Colonel Camp S. C., yesterday lai an address from the the President to send from threatened riots

—Colonel J. B. H States Army, has a from the Plains. He of the atrocities being dians, more than co graphic reports.

THE RINDERPEST.— New York Board of report was made fr quarantine for cattle, throughout New Yo Pennsylvania. No ne are reported.

DELAWARE DEMOC At the recent Democ in Delaware, the fol passed:—

Resolved, That the political privilege an and is to be grante several states to th tants, as, in the free discretion of each s best for the public in

THE SPIRITUALIST attendance at the Sp at Rochester is large organization of a Chil pointed. The statis Ohio were read, and addressed the Conven

—The Central Paci two hundred and six the Sacramento rive track were laid in Aug promise to lay seven sary, to outstrip the U Salt Lake first.

—The Chinese und making paper money ring the Ming dynasty bore this endorsement the treasury board it money thus marked w of the Ming, shall h used in all respects money. *Whoever dis cut off.*"

☞ A pettifogging in a new settlement missionary of the Su following account of organized the first county, and ran it my came in here early wanted to draw in de lies, and to keep out dies. So I said: 'A tract the folks we w out. It will be the b to blow for the settle one of us that preten of piety; so they pitch the plan. I did so, a and got a library, a summer. It did the didly. Before summ Christian families can a better stock of piety day-school to their h thing for us. There any sort that ever sta more than one night American and moral s got to be so pious tha myself."

☞ In Venezuela, asks for the hand of a gives the supplicant pierce. It usually ta to pierce the stone, grants the young ma over his daughter.

☞ A correspondent grand dress ball " she looked sweetly i dress tucked up to th

☞ A Bridget app citizen up town, yeste dripping like a water terrogated as to her she understood the la a wet nurse, and she service.

☞ Ira Wells, of who went hunting in on Tuesday, was disco his arm caught in the whole lower part of h number of huge bear explained his horrible

☞ THE UNDIVIDE mass of quicksilver, l and it will split itself distinct globules. Ga them together again, into one body as befo below are sometimes guished into various are in fact members mystic body. But wh world and put togethe constitute one glorious ever and ever.

THE WEEK.

s ESCAPE.—No doubt the great chandelier ng of the Chinese sa-n, and almost ending and Empress. It was , and of course might re serious than it was. orite resort of the Im-lace of retirement—a ied by grim dragons—rning of the accident d, writing letters with llous Chinese inkstand wder; they had only ld when the monster a tremendous crash, alverized the inkstand, in the floor. The Em-but it is said she has r since, and more fully mage to the Holy City. se, excited a good deal l all sorts of wild ru-ut covert treason and ts had been sent for to which the chandelier ey could make nothing noral seems to be, Do ly avoid it, sit under a

HAY.—LONDON, Aug. Nebraska, which ar-ew days since, brought ay shipped from New is market. It was ac-auction in Liverpool hole lot sold at 90s. to ish hay of no better s nearly, if not quite.

bell from Charleston, d before the President Charlestonians, asking troops to protect them .

arie, Paymaster United rrived in Washington gives a fearful account committed by the In-nfirming all the tele-

—At a meeting of the Health on the 27th, a voring a thirty days' , at all the stock yards ork, New Jersey and ew cases of the disease

RATIC CONVENTION.—ratic State Convention lowing resolution was

elective franchise is a d not a natural right, d or withheld by the eir respective inhabi-, sound judgment and tate, shall be deemed terest and welfare.

'S' CONVENTION.—The piritualists' Convention . A committee on the dren's Lyceum was ap-tics of Spiritualists in Mrs. Wheeler, of Ohio, ation while in a trance. fic Railroad is finished ty-eight miles east of r. Six miles of the gust 19. The company miles a day, if neces-nion Pacific, and reach

erstood the science of pass current, for du-the government notes : "At the petition of is ordained that paper with the imperial seal ave currency, and be as if it were copper *obeys will have his head*

lawyer and manager in Wisconsin gave a nday-School Union the a Sunday-school:—"I Sunday-school in this yself one season. We , all Americans. We cent, industrious fami-all foreigners and row-Sunday-school will at-vant, and keep others best and cheapest way ment.' There was but ded to have one grain hed on me to carry out nd sent to your society nd ran the school all blowing for us splen-er was ended, some ne in; and as they had y, I gave over the Sun-ands. It was a grand wasn't a foreigner of ayed in the settlement . We secured a good ettlement. In fact, it t I couldn't live there

when a young man young girl, the father a very hard stone to kes about three years and then the father n's request and hands

nt, in describing a re-l, says of a lady, that n a plain white muslin e waist."

lied to the family of a rday, with her clothes r-spout. On being in-condition, she said ly of the house wanted had come ready for

North Thetford, Vt., Ascutney Mountain, overed on Friday with cleft of a tree, and the his body devoured. A track about the spot fate.

ED CHURCH.—Take a et it fall to the floor, into a vast number of ther them up, and put and they will coalesce re. Thus God's elect crumbled and distin-parties, though they in one and the same en taken up from the r in Heaven, they will s undivided church for

Put to the Proof.

The first conspirators of the reign of the Czar Nicholas, Pestel, Mouravieff Apostol, and the poet Relieff, were condemned to be hung. The Emperor signed the decree after the Russian formula: "Byt po sieman" (So be it). They were then conducted to the place of execution. Relieff, a poet of the highest order, was the first one led to the scaffold. Just at that moment when the executioner, having passed the slip-knot over his head, had pushed him from the ladder to launch him into eternity, the too weak cord broke, and he fell forward bruised and bleeding.

"They know not how to do anything in Russia," said he, raising himself without even turning pale, "not even to twist a rope."

As accidents of this kind, besides being very rare, were always considered occasions of pardon, they sent, therefore, to the Winter Palace to know the will of the Emperor.

"Ah! the cord has broken?" said Nicholas.

"Yes, sire."

"Then he was almost dead? What impression has such close contact with eternity produced on the mind of the rebel?"

"He is a brave man, sire."

The Czar frowned.

"What did he say?" asked he severely.

"Sire, he said, 'They know not how even to twist a rope in Russia.'"

"Well," replied Nicholas, "let them prove to him the contrary." And he went out.

Discovery of Extensive Ruins in Arizona.

A party of the surveyors in Arizona, engaged in exploring the country for railroad routes, lately came upon some very extensive ruins on the banks of the Little Colorado river. They extend along the river for many miles. Some of the walls of buildings are yet in their places, and stand six or eight feet high. The streets may be traced for miles. The old irrigating canals and ditches are yet in a fair state of preservation, and may be traced for miles also. The ground is strewn with broken crockery-ware. The party found some nearly whole vessels of curious form. The ware seems to be of a different quality, and finer than that found at most of the ruins in Arizona. Many of the walls of the buildings were built of hewn stone, and put up in a workmanlike manner. To all appearance here once stood a city of many thousand inhabitants. Who they were or to what tribes they belonged, there is no record left to show. On the east bank are the ruins of a large structure or castle, covering several acres of land; some of the walls are yet standing to the height of twenty or thirty feet.

☞ Victor Hugo writes all his manuscripts with a very soft lead pencil, which he often forgets to sharpen, so that the letters assume a gigantic size, and eight or ten lines cover nearly a whole sheet of paper. Perhaps no other eminent contemporary author complies so conscientiously with the sensible advice which Horace gives to poets and authors. Victor Hugo corrects his manuscripts again and again, until the work often undergoes a complete change. Some of his most celebrated poems he re-wrote so often that his son, Charles, intends to publish, after his father's death, an edition of the poems of Victor Hugo, with the stanzas which his father rejected. These stanzas, it is said, would form a volume of great beauty and value. Sometimes Victor Hugo works very rapidly; thus, for instance, he completed the last part of *Les Miserables* in a week. The *Toilers of the Sea* was written in six months. Some of his best poems were written on the spur of the moment.

☞ PLANCHETTE.—The Fat Contributor says:—A skeptical friend, who don't believe in Planchette, was in to see us the other night, and we told him of her wonderful exploits. "She answers all sorts of things, does she?" said he. "She doth." "There is one thing she can't answer," said he. "What is that?" "She can't *answer the door-bell!*"

☞ There is a Roman Catholic tradition—that he who shall sit in St. Peter's chair for twenty-six years, is the last of the Popes in Rome. In his time the Church is to protest against infidelity. There will then be a reaction in favor of a pantheistic expression of natural religion. The Church will we persecuted and purified! Deism and Catholicism will divide the world, and Catholicism will triumph. Then comes the end. So runs the Roman Catholic tradition.

☞ Some of the Italian journals state that Father Sechi, the constructor of the great astronomical clock so much remarked at the universal exhibition of 1867, has discovered a motive power lighter, stronger, and more economical than steam. They add that the learned Italian is reported to have laid his invention before the Court of Portugal, which is disposed to purchase it.

☞ Everybody is very much relieved that pretty Patti is married at last.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The receipts and stocks continue light. Sales comprise about 8000 bbls, at $7.50@8,25 for superfine; $8,50@9,25 for extra; $9@11,25 for northwest extra family, the former rate for old stock; $11@11,50 for Minnesota family; $10@12 for Penna family; $11@12,50 for Ohio family, and $12@14,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $9,50 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—The Wheat market has been moderately active. 40,000 bus of Penna, Western and Southern red sold at $1,80@1,85 for damp; $2,20@2,25 for common to fair; $2,30@2,35 for good to prime, and $2,40@2,45 for choice amber; 4000 bus of white at $2,50@2,60; 3000 bus of No. 1 spring at $2,10. Rye —1000 bus sold at $1,60@1,70 ₱ bus for new and old Penna. Corn—37,000 bus sold at $1,22@1,25 for Western mixed, and $1,24@1,35 for prime yellow. Oats—About 80,000 bus sold at 70@72c for new Penna and Western; 60@65 for new Delaware, and 80@85c ₱ bus for old Penna and Western.

PROVISIONS—The demand is limited. Sales of Mess Pork at $29,50@30. Mess Beef sells at $27,50 for city packed family. Dried Beef sells at 21@22c. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 20@22c; Excelsior Hams at 23c; sides at 17½@18½c, and Shoulders at 14½@15c Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 19@19½c; Shoulders 13½@14c. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs Western at 18½@19c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 25@32c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 17½@18½c. Eggs sell at 23@25c ₱ doz.

COTTON—Sales of 850 bales at 30@30½c for Middling Uplands, and 30½@31½c for New Orleans.

BARK—100 hhds No 1 Quercitron sold at $55 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is quoted at $17@20 ₱ cord.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 44½@45c.

FEATHERS—Sales prime lots at 70@80c.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at from $2@5 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit—Sales of Apples at 7@14c, and Peaches at 15c for halves.

HOPS—We quote New York at 15@20c, according to quality.

IRON—Pig Metal is held firmly. Sales of No 1 Foundry at $40@41, and No 2 at $37@38. Manufactured Iron commands $67,50 for bars.

SEEDS—2000 bus Cloverseed sold at $8@9. Timothy—Sales of 750 bus at $2@2,25. Flaxseed is selling at $2,70.

TALLOW—Sales at 12½@12¾ for city rendered, and 11½@12c for country.

WOOL—Sales of 200,000 lbs, at 31@32c for unwashed, and 42@48c for common and fine fleece. Tub Wool commands 50@55c.

A Valuable Hair-Dressing Compound.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE, a compound of cocoa-nut oil, &c., has established a world-wide reputation as an oil or pomade for the hair. It is said to be free from all injurious or soiling properties, and is considered superior to every other preparation of the kind in the market. It is likewise cheap, the bottles being large and the compound of durable quality, convenient to use, and most agreeably scented.

What is this Marvelous Antidote to Disease

Which, for TWENTY YEARS, has been winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people" under the name of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS?

It is an infusion of the most excellent tonic, antibilious, anti-scorbutic and alterative herbs, roots and barks, in the purified spirituous essence of Rye.

HOW DOES IT OPERATE?

This question may be briefly answered as follows? It operates

As a.....Powerful Invigorant.
As a.....Preventive of Fevers.
As a.....Genial Stomachic.
As an.....Anti-spasmodic.
As a.....Gentle Purgative.
As a.....Promoter of Appetite.
As a.....Cure for Indigestion.
As an.....Acclimating Medicine.
As a.....Safeguard against Malaria.
As a.....Remedy for Low Spirits.
As a.....Specific for Fever and Ague.
As a.....Cordial for the Aged.
As an.....Antidote to Sea Sickness.
As an.....Anodyne for the Sleepless.
As a.....Wholesale Stimulant.
As a.....Balm for the Weary Brain.
As a.....Relief in Bodily Anguish.

And as a PROTECTION TO HEALTH AND LIFE under all depressing and devitalizing influences.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is the only tonic in existence, based upon a spirituous medicine, that is ABSOLUTELY PURE. sep5-it

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions,* PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar8-eowtf

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 290, Boston, Mass. jo27-tf

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York. ☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.

Family and *Toilet Soaps.* The very best.
Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.
Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.
Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated.*
Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.
Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.

For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb22-1y

"No North, no South, no East, no West." Suited to all latitudes. RUSSIA SALVE never deteriorates in quality from climate or age. An admirable ointment for the cure of all flesh wounds, scrofulous sores, and eruptions of the skin. Redding & Co., Boston, Mass. Sold everywhere. By mail 35 cents a box.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—Mothers, are your children suffering from ringworm or scald head? Apply this great remedy at once, and remove a sight so disagreeable to the family. Sold by all druggists.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of Aug., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. CHARLES SUMMERS to Miss ELIZABETH L. VOLENTINE, both of this city.

On the 7th of Aug., by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. JAMES L. LAMPLUGH to Miss MARGARET E. WATT, both of this city.

On the 18th of Aug., by the Rev. Burton J. Kollock, Mr. CHARLES E. SPARKS to Miss ANNIE E. GILPIN, both of Wilmington, Del.

On the 19th of Aug., by the Rev. C. F. Turner, Mr. FRANKLIN DUCKWORTH to Miss EMMA BONEAU, both of this city.

On the 19th of Aug., by the Rev. T. B. Miller, M. D., Mr. JOSEPH M. HOUGH to Miss MARGARET HOUGHTON both of this city.

On the 8th of Aug., by the Rev. S. N. Chew, Mr. CHARLES L. DERR to Miss CLARA E. SHAFER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23th of Aug., Mrs. CATHARINE MARTIN, aged 47 years.

On the 24th of Aug., MARGARET, wife of James Miller, in her 71st year.

On the 21th of Aug., Rev. RICHARD M. GREENBANK, aged 75 years.

On the 24th of Aug., JOHN FERGUSON, in his 33d year.

On the 23d of Aug., JAMES STRAKAHAN, in his 32d year.

On the 23d of Aug., JOANNA EVERETT, in her 78th year.

On the 22d of Aug., WILLIAM ALEXANDER, in his 86th year.

On the 22d of Aug., HANNAH A. HORNE, in her 40th year.

On the 21st of Aug., MRS. MARY A. MIRHIL, aged 29 years.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2200 head. The prices realized from 9@9½ cts ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—8000 head were disposed of at from 4½@5½ cts ₱ lb. 2000 Hogs sold at from $14 to 15,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

AFTER THE BATH.

BY MILES O'REILLY.

Her skin is moist, and cold, and pink,
But warm and red the lips I press,
And all her beauty seems to shrink
Compacter in her clinging dress;
While o'er shoulders to the hip,
O'er swelling bust and far adown,
In trailing gold the tresses drip
Which form at night her braided crown.

No more her eyes in langor swim,
But kindle with coquettish strife,
And every pulse in every limb
Seems throbbing into radiant life;
Her cheek hath caught a ruddier stain,
And her small feet in sand that sink
Are marble white, with many a vein
Down to the almond-nails of pink.

Her teeth are white as the flashing surf,
Her eyes are blue as the bay in calm,
And her breath to the new-mown clover-turf
Is a rival in its fragrant balm;
O! happy sea that has held her form;
O! happy sands by her white feet pressed—
With her beauty the whole bright scene is warm,
Her beauty of gesture, and face, and breast!

Proudly she stands in her scarlet dress,
And my eyes give a quiver and then grow dim
As I gaze on her infinite loveliness
Of delicate color and rounded limb;
And the bright blue bay with its flitting sails,
And the silver sands, and the rocks of brown,
And the woods that are dark on the distant hills,
And the broad green meadows that slope adown:

All seem but a frame for my lady bright,
A frame not worthy her matchless grace—
Her lips of red, and her eyes of light,
And the wonderful charm of her winsome face;
O, here let me lie and die at her feet:
Let my soul in its sighs for her pass away,
For my life hath its climax, and death were sweet
With her eyes gazing down on me here to-day!

My senses swoon into blissful trance
As her small, cool fingers touch my palm,
And through all of my veins the currents dance
As I feel on my cheek her breath of balm;
All the springs of my life are in her control,
For though faces more perfect I know full well—
In rich, womanly beauty of body and soul
There are none to compare with my sea-side belle.

The brown rocks glow as she bounds along,
And the black reeds thrill in the silver spray,
And the birds in the blue sing a gladder song
As my lady walks by the shining bay;
The waves that have shrined her glowing form
Have been humanized by the saintly touch,
And will spare for her sake in the next great storm
Some proud ship from their clutch.

The Story of an Old Chess-Board.

"Check-mate."

"The third game I've lost this evening! I declare I won't play any more with you till I'm a better hand at it."

The speaker, a lad about sixteen, gave an impatient sweep with his hand over the board, and got up from his seat.

"My dear boy," said the other player, "if you play constantly with me you will at last learn to beat me. But come, let us have our coffee, which has been enticing us to drink it for these five minutes."

They sat down at a little table beside the blazing fire, for the night was bitterly cold, and under the joint influence of warmth, some excellent coffee, and his companion's genial talk, the youth soon recovered himself.

"I wish I could stand a beating better," he said; "I never can lose at chess, or any other game, without feeling savage."

"I used to write in my copy-book, long ago, 'Bear defeat with equanimity;' and very good advice it is," said the gentleman. "To suffer losses patiently, and with good humor, is as good, if not better than gaining a victory."

"It's capital in theory, but, for all that, I don't like losing every game, as I've done."

"Come, now, which will you do, Harry: play another game, or listen to the story of a man who once was well beaten at chess, and not only 'bore defeat with equanimity' (and he was a first-rate player), but was quite contented to be beaten? The game or the story—which will you have?"

"Oh, the story, please."

After a few minutes' reflection, the gentleman began:—

At the beginning of this century, lived a curate, with his wife and seven children, in a small village in Derbyshire. In those days, as I dare say you have heard, curates were far worse paid than they are now. Fifty pounds a year, to which a few scholars added a little more, was all our curate had to keep his family with. You may imagine the ceaseless struggle it was for life; but, at least, they were happy—happy in the thought that it was God's will, and, blessed with good health, "doctor's stuff" was little known among them. The village apothecary often laughingly said, "It wasn't at all fair; the curate was always giving him good advice, but did not apply to him for any in return."

At length the doctor's services were required in sad earnest; the youngest child caught a fever, which was quickly taken by two of the others. The first died, his brother and sister recovered; but they were hardly out of danger before their mother, worn out by anxiety and nursing, was stricken down. This was a terrible blow to our poor curate; against every other misfortune he had borne up with Christian fortitude, but now the fear that perhaps his wife would die took hold of his mind, and almost overwhelmed him; and, indeed, he had good ground for fear, for her life was in great danger.

At this trying time his eldest daughter, Jenny, was her father's support and comfort, and bravely helped him to cheer the others. She was one of those who, whatever they put their hand to, do it with their might. The wife was spared, but it was many weeks before she left her room, and now poverty pressed on them more heavily than ever. The neighbors were very kind, and helped their pastor as much as they were able; but as all were poor—they could do but little. The curate had borrowed small sums, much against his will, to provide the comforts so essential for the invalids, and these little debts weighed upon his mind, and added to his distress.

One morning the curate remained in his little study longer than usual after dismissing his few scholars. He was evidently making up his mind to something that was distasteful to him. When he came into the kitchen, which served also for their general living-room, he found his two eldest daughters busy preparing their scanty mid-day meal; their mother was still confined to her room.

"Here you are at last, father," said Jenny; "dinner is almost ready."

"I am glad of that, my dear, for I want to get it over quickly, and be off."

"Off! where to, father?" Jenny paused in her occupation over the fire, and looked at him with surprise in her large blue eyes. She was a sweet-looking, fair-haired girl of seventeen.

"To Swaleton, to see a friend."

His look and manner appeared to her to be more cheerful and hopeful than it had been for some time past.

"Are you going to sleep there, father?"

"Bless me! no, my dear. I hope to be home again by eight o'clock."

"But, father, you cannot walk there and back," said the younger of the two girls; "it must be nearly eighteen miles."

"I must take my chance of a friendly lift; and, if I don't get one, why, I hope I'm not past my twenty miles a-day, my dear."

"I think there is a storm coming," said Jenny.

"I think my visit may be of service to us, so I hope not," said her father.

The girls said no more in opposition, but went on with their preparations for dinner.

"Jenny, I shall take the chess-board and men with me to Swaleton; I may find some one there who will give me a small sum for them. I do not like parting with such old friends; but poverty often parts the best friends, as surely as misery makes us acquainted with strange bed-fellows; so pack them up, my dear."

Jenny could scarcely keep back her tears. She knew the sacrifice her father would make in parting with the old chess-board, for a game of chess was one of his keenest enjoyments. "Poor old thing," she said, with a little laugh, which helped her to hide what she really felt; "I shall be quite sorry to lose it, and I don't think it's worth much to see, father, is it?"

The curate was not free from the weakness of disliking to hear his property undervalued.

"You do not know the cost of chess-boards, Jenny, or you would not depreciate mine because it's a little worn; it's quite as useful as if it were new."

The only answer Jenny made was to throw her arms round her father's neck, and to kiss him.

When they had dined, the curate began to prepare for his walk to Swaleton; but, just as he was ready, and Jenny was unwillingly packing up the chess-board, quaintly made in the shape of books, the storm, which she had predicted, suddenly and violently began.

"There," said Jenny, with a sigh of relief, "you cannot go now, father, so it's no use packing up the old thing."

The storm continued for half an hour without pause; thunder, lightning, and rain had it all their own way, and there seemed no prospect that they would soon give in.

The curate stood at the window of his wife's room, and unwillingly made up his mind that his journey to Swaleton must be put off. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Who's this, I wonder? A gentleman on horseback, my dear, has stopped at our gate; pretty wet he must be."

He left the room, and ran down stairs; but before he reached the little garden in front of the cottage, the gentleman was off his horse, and coming through the gate. The curate hastened forward, and begged him to go into the house while he took his horse to the shelter of a little out-building.

When he returned to the house he found his visitor standing before the kitchen fire, the younger children examining him at a respectful distance.

"I fear I am giving you a great deal of trouble," said the stranger, with a foreign accent; "but I really thought it was madness to go on longer through the storm."

"You are heartily welcome, sir; but you will find yourself in poor quarters."

"My dear sir," said the stranger, "I see no fault; a man with a drenched skin—"

"Bless me! I beg your pardon; you are indeed wet," cried the curate, laying his hand upon the stranger's riding-coat. "Jenny, Nannie, quick, girls; get a coat, stockings, and slippers. Let me help you off with your coat at once, sir; my coat is dry, if rather threadbare."

Having made his guest as comfortable as he could, the curate called to the girls to set down the contents of the larder. They had dined, he said, so they could only offer fragments.

The stranger protested he was not hungry. When, however, bread and cold meat (their dinner for the morrow) was put before him, he eat with much apparent relish.

The curate soon discovered that his guest was possessed of a well-informed mind; and he congratulated himself upon the prospect of a few hours' intellectual enjoyment.

By degrees the stranger began to question his host about himself; and before long he learned the very trying position in which he stood, for the good man's heart was very open to sympathy.

During a pause in their talk, the stranger said, pointing to the chess-board,

"You are a chess-player, perhaps?"

"I love the game," said the curate, enthusiastically, "but have little opportunity for play. I do not know that I am much of a player; but my friends about here cannot push me very hard, and I manage to get the best of them. Do you play?"

"I echo your words: I love the game."

"Why should we not play, then? This is too good fortune. Jenny, my child, bring the board here."

As Jenny placed the old chess-board between them, she looked at her father with a meaning smile. He shook his head, and said she was a saucy monkey, and had better take the children away.

The first game, after good play on both sides, was "drawn;" and the stranger expressed some surprise that, after what his host had said, he played so well.

"You must know," he said, "that folks call me a first-rate player. I am, indeed, delighted to find so
nist."

Put upon his mettl
curate put forth his u
and, after a hard str
game. His guest was
certed, but appeared
as if he had been the
had long ceased, but
seem inclined to go. A
—skilfully contested,
last in the curate's fav

The stranger was in
He said he did not kn
joyed such play. Th
pleased. Should they

The stranger looked

"Dear me!" he sai
was so late. I have s
My dear sir, most un
but I hope it is not th
beaten by you. 'It is
defeat at such hands."

The curate received
modesty; and with ma
light at the good fo
brought him, he helpe
his own clothes, which

"I hope," said the
in the little rusty po
will soon recover her h
I have next the pleasu
tune will have favore
other matters as she
chess." He then moun
quickly away.

"What a nice gen
name, father?" said o
stood in the porch, wit
ing the retreating figu

"There! I knew th
wanted to ask," said
asked his name; he is
that's clear; but I mu
now; she will think I
her."

While he was in th
wife all that had pas
the room.

"Look here, father
the old chess-board;"
him several bank-note

"Bless me!" said t
have lain them down
ing his coat. What is
he will come back for

As he spoke, one of
ran into the room, l
paper.

"Papa, this fell fro
in the chess-board."

On the paper was w

DEAR AND REVER
will not hesitate to us
sent necessity; by doi
oblige one who esteem
having made your acq

The curate handed
notes to his wife, wi
read, and then looked

"It is the gift of
"you will do as he sa

Her husband made
not speak—his heart
ness: but he sat dow
with his hand.

The younger child
understand what had
as they had made up
the curate spoke, his
emotion.

"I will, my darling
benificent gift; and
dence who has sent it
repay our benefactor.
ist, 'Yet helpeth He
and maketh him hou
sheep.'"

He then explained
had happened, biddin
Him from whom all g

You may imagine
they were that evenin

"You need not pa
board now, father; n
as she kissed her fath
good-night.

More than a mon
were no tidings of t
curate vainly tried to
clear that he must liv
he was unknown in t
borhood. One evenin
was at work in his ga
most convalescent, wa
younger children, a s
gate, and asked if P
there.

"I'm Parson Brown
coming forward to the

The man handed h
was to wait for an an

Parson Brownlow
dered when he had
rubbed his eyes and l
reading again. "It
muttered. "Who—w
he asked the servant.

"The Duke of ——
some surprise in his te

"Yes, yes, so I s
"It's wonderful, my
"Come in with me, a

The letter was fro
ger. He offered the c
in his gift which had
"The parsonage is ne
wrote, "so we shall c
our contest at chess."

I need hardly say th
the offer of the living
He started the next
who lived about fifte
nied by the regrets of
not time to knit a pai
grace. And there's m

"You see, Harry, w
you is, that there ar
who, when they are de
in which they are w
defeat well, and appre
has conquered them
rusty."

"Oh, yes, I see the
but what a jolly fellow
been! and I should sa
board in lavender eve

"It was, and is, gre
know. The curate
Often I have heard hi
many a game I have pl
board. It is still in m
session."

☞ A wag, upon vi
scum, was shown so
specimens of mortalit
cohol. "Well," said
the dead could be in s

☞ Punch has writ
inquire if it is possible
development, for a ha
sea-horse.

skillful an antago-

e by this praise. the
tmost care and skill,
uggle, won the next
by no means discon-
to be as well pleased
conqueror. The rain
the stranger did not
third game followed
step by step, ending at
or.

the greatest delight.
now when he had en-
e curate was equally
have another game?
at his watch.
id, "I had no idea it
ome distance to ride.
willingly I must go;
e last time I shall be
no disgrace to suffer

his praises with much
any expressions of de-
rtue the storm had
d his guest to put on
were now dry.
stranger, as he stood
rch, "that your wife
ealth; and that, when
re of seeing you, for-
ed you as much in
has done to-day at
ted his horse and rode

tleman! what is his
ne of the girls, as they
h their father, watch-
re.

here was something I
the curate; "I never
a perfect gentleman,
ast go to your mother
have quite forgotten

e midst of telling his
sed, Jenny came into

; I found these under
and she held out to
s.

he curate, "he must
when he was chang-
s to be done? I hope
them."

the younger children
nolding up a scrap of

m what Jenny found

ritten, in pencil:—

END SIR—I beg you
e these for your pre-
ng so you will greatly
s himself fortunate in
uaintance.

d the paper and the
thout speaking. She
anxiously in his face.
Providence," she said;
ys?"

no answer: he could
was full of thankful-
n and covered his face

ren were at a loss to
happened; but, just
p their minds to cry,
a voice shaking with

, thankfully use this
may the same Provi-
enable me one day to
Truly says the Psalm-
he poor out of misery,
scholds like a flock of

to his children what
g them be thankful to
ood gifts come.
what a happy family
g.

rt with the old-chess-
eed you?" said Jenny,
er when she bade him

h passed, and there
heir benefactor. The
discover him. It was
e at some distance, as
he surrounding neigh-
g when the good man
rden, his wife, now al-
lking about with the
ervant rode up to the
arson Brownlow lived

low," said the curate,
gate.
im a letter, saying he
swer.
seemed quite bewil-
read his letter. He
is glasses, and fell to
must be a joke," he
who is your master?"

—," said the man, with
one.
ee," said the curate,
dear," to his wife.
nd read this letter."
n the generous stran-
nrate a valuable living
just become vacant.
ar my own house," he
often be able to renew

at the curate accepted
with a thankful heart.
day to see his patron,
en miles off, accompa-
his wife that she had
r of stockings for his
y story.
what I want to show
e folks in the world
feated (even at a game
ery skillful), can take
eciate the skill which
, instead of turning

moral fast enough;
r that duke must have
y they kept that chess-
r after."
atly valued, as I well
was my dear father.
m tell the story; and
ayed on the old chess-
y eldest brother's pos-

T. R. M.

---

isiting a medical mu-
me dwarfs and other
y, all preserved in al-
he, "I never thought
ach spirits."

---

tten to Mr. Darwin to
under the theory of
y horse to become a

THE SKEIN.

Slip, yes slip your skein, my Kitty,
O'er my hands, and wind and wind,
All the while with little pity
Tangling, tangling heart and mind;
Kitty! eyes upon the wool!
Not on me, my beautiful!

Now you droop your eyes completely,
Winding, winding, dreamily;
Wherefore, wherefore smile so sweetly
On a thing that cannot see?
If you must smile, smile this way!
I will bear it as I may!

Ah! the rose-bud fingers flitting
Swift about the colored ball!
How my heart beats time while sitting;
Still I try to bear it all;
Kitty, do you know or care
'Tis my heart you're winding there?

Kitty, I am in a vision!
All the world to mist doth die;
Only in an air Elysian,
Little fairy fingers fly;
Surely if they flit too near.
I shall catch and kiss them, dear!

Tangled! pout not, frown not, Kitty!
Though I gladly bear the pain;
For your anger is so pretty,
It may make me sin again.
There! 'tis well! Now wind and wind,
Tangling further heart and mind!

Now, 'tis done! the last thread lingers
Sadly from me, slow to part;
Can'st thou see that in my fingers
I am holding up my heart?
Wind and wind! I do not care!
Smile or frown, and I will bear!

Ah! so fast and quick you wind it,
I no more can keep it mine;
Do you wonder that you find it
Throbbing now, close, close to thine;
Tangled, tangled are the twain;
Kiss, kiss, kiss them free again!

Pathetic Toys.

There are few sights more capable of bringing out a sentimental gush of thought than a glance into a shop in which toys are sold for the very poor. These establishments are to be found in low neighborhoods, and generally do not confine their commercial operations to a single branch of business. You see in the window, next the wooden dolls, green bottles of sweet stuff, boxes of matches, candles, wine, and often a small pile of apples or some other cheap fruit; inside will be found those tales and songs written for what Mr. Trollope has termed the unknown public, along with whistles, jew's-harps, and a few masks of a hideous kind, which are supposed to be especially attractive to the youthful mind.

To children toys are as necessary as fresh air and exercise. The little creatures, when learning to talk, appear to have a certain consciousness that grown-up people either laugh at them or do not understand them; with a toy, however, they can be at once familiar and at home. Jack-in-the-box is always ready to play with them, a doll never refuses her company, will submit to any amount of kissing, beating, or dressing and, as long as the wax, cotton and bran keep together, will amuse her owner and remain faithful. But it is curious to note the difference between a poor and a rich child in the treatment and management of dolls. To the child-lady the doll is a familiar presence. It has not the charm of novelty or unexpectedness; she regards it as an accompaniment of her station. Then, if she wants to trick it out, she has not the piquant trouble of hunting for bits of ribbon, of gauze, or of tinsel. Then again her doll is horribly mechanical, and allows but small room for fancy. It may squeak, and open and shut its eyes, thereby preventing its proprietress from doing the conversation herself. But the meagre, starved present which the workman brings to his cottage or lodgings is differently cherished. It has twice as fine a life. Its mistress never ceases prattling to it, will search and ransack every corner for the dingy shreds of cotton that are to render the effigy magnificent in her eyes. Then it is not subject to the whims which fine ladies take to their favorites even in their tenderest years. It is petted with a constant affection until time or accident obliterates its features, and in the end it is seldom subject to a toasting at the bars of a grate—an experiment that has been known to tell unfavorably on the countenance of a wax figure.

Poor children must indeed have a good deal of imagination to enjoy the queer things constructed for a penny or two pence to please them. We have referred to Jack-in-the-box. Jack can be bought at a very low price or a very high one, but the poor child gets better value out of him for the money than any toy we know of, except the doll. The entertainment he furnishes, both at St. Giles' and St. James, is identical. He lives, as all the world knows, in a constant state of compression, from which he is released by opening a wire hasp. He always surprises you; that is his fun, and the one joke for which he has been made. His ferocity to a little boy is something awfully delicious. He has him securely fastened down, and that gives him a certain sense of power. It is a long time before he disbelieves in Jack's whiskers and the energy of that spring of his. We have heard that the first doubts on the subject arise when a boy begins to think of Jack's legs, Jack possessing a quaint organization in that respect. However, this toy is as democratic as the jewelry imported by Mr. Cole from the Paris Exhibition—indeed, of the two, we should prefer the cheap Jack; he is generally of fiercer aspect than his more aristocratic prototype, and the steel in him is stronger and stiffer. This may arise from some law of compensation not yet quite developed. Another favorite toy which is found in low as well as in high places is Noah's Ark. It would be interesting to learn who first invented this. We suspect it must have been the writer of a miracle-play. It is certainly old enough to have been the freak of such an author, and the costumes of Shem and his brethren suggest—like Mr. Pickwick's gaiters at the *soiree*—the Dark Ages. Or was it the genius who alighted on the design of the willow-pattern plate who constructed the first child's ark. *He* would have made the elephant and the duck (not according to their kind) of exactly the same proportions as you may now see them, and he would have also sacrificed a custom of old standing to economy, by freighting the ark with only *one* animal of each species.

But let all that pass. Noah's Ark is immortal, although the constituents are occasionally swallowed. If the flock thins, they are easily replaced. What a joy is a whip with a whistle at the end of it to a child? There is a combination of delights; you may have a sly lash at the cat or at the pet dog, and when *blase* of these luxuries the whistle still remains to the good. A whistle with a small pea in it is an improvement, giving a tremolo and artistic air to the instrument; but then it is likely to choke it now and then, so that the whistle pure and simple is to be preferred. This, too, is within the reach of the poor child; so is a drum, or at least a small one, out of which a good deal can be got with perseverance. To see a half-clothed urchin with a drum, albeit a small, a paltry and diminutive drum, whacking it until he falls asleep over it, is a more enjoyable sight than the appearance of Master Howard with an expensive affair that might be played in an orchestra. Master Howard's drum has a hole in it months before the youngest of Brown's children has yielded to an impulse to see what was making the noise inside the sheepskin of his. We doubt whether a spade and a small cart may be considered as genuine toys. We are inclined to think not. They are of modern growth.

A poor child would not see much fun in a spade and cart; perhaps it has a dim notion of its own future at the tale of a plough or the side of a real wagon. A sword, however, or a gun, may be included in the catalogue. Those symbols reveal the common masculine disposition. The boy who prefers a sword to a transparent slate recommends himself to any student of children. What visions a child has, pulling this bit of tin or iron from its case and flourishing it over a geranium! Puzzles, so called, are abominations. A child's intellect will quicken itself without such dry forcing. As for a boy or a girl learning Scripture or geography in this fashion, it should not be thought of. The time for liking toys is too precious and short to be wasted upon the pursuit of knowledge.

The period when toys are given up for games is marked probably by the taste for the first kite and fairy-story book. Girls stick to dolls until they can play a quadrille on the piano; but a boy who has a kite, and has once flown it, and held the string in his own hand, from that moment regards whistles, drums, and Jacks-in-the-box as vanities. In his "Robert Falconer," Mr. George MacDonald gives the following description of the manner in which his hero used to send up his "Dragon:"

"The dragon flew splendidly now, and its strength was mighty. It was Robert's custom to drive a stake in the ground, slanting against the wind, and thereby tether the animal, as it were, up there grazing in its own natural region. Then he would lie down by the stake and read the Arabian Nights, every now and then casting a glance upwards at the creature alone in the waste air, yet all in his power by the string at his side. While he lay there gazing, all at once he would find that his soul was up with the dragon, feeling as it felt, tossing about with it in the torrents of air. Out at his eyes it would go, traverse the dim starless space, and sport with the wind-blown monster."

And most poor boys can make a kite when living in the country. It is only in the crowded cities and factories that toys and games are scarce, and this is to be regretted. Yet even there children will make the greatest efforts to satisfy their natural craving. Dirt-pies cost nothing, and oyster-shells and broken glass, with lovely garnishes of the wire topping of soda-water flasks, will delight a group of poor children for a whole day. A story is told of a poor child putting a paper cap on its head and sitting contented in the sun for hours, quieted by the luxurious feeling of enacting something or other—who knows? and the story may be true and the cap no fool's-cap either. Childhood is a mystery which genius can only touch without profaning. We may be content with observing its surface and with making one practical note at least. Charitable people might give more toys and less tracts to the children of the working classes when they visit and teach at Sunday-schools. A prize, at one of these latter institutions, of a drum or a doll, would often be more acceptable and useful than some nonsensical story.

The Wonders of Ancient Rome.

The art of working metals and cutting precious stones surpassed anything known at the present day. In the decoration of houses, in social entertainments, in cookery, the Romans were remarkable. The mosaics, signet rings, cameos, bracelets, bronzes, chains, vases, couches, banquet tables, lamps, chariots, colored glass, gildings, mirrors, mattresses, cosmetics, perfumes, hair dyes, silk robes, potteries, all attest great elegance and beauty. The tables of thuga and Delian bronze were as expensive as the side-boards of Spanish walnut, so much admired in the great exhibition at London. Wood and ivory were carved as exquisitely as in Japan and China. Mirrors were made of polished silver. Glass-cutters could imitate the colors of precious stones so well that the Portland vase, from the tomb of Alexander Severus, was long considered as a genuine sardonix. Brass could be hardened so as to cut stone. The palace of Nero glittered with gold and jewels. Perfumes and flowers were showered from ivory ceilings. The halls of Heliogabulus were hung with cloth of gold. Tiberius gave a million of sesterces for a picture for his bed-room. A banquet dish of Drusillus weighed five hundred pounds of silver. The cups of Drusus were of gold. Tunics were embroidered with the figures of various animals. Sandals were garnished with precious stones. Paulina wore jewels when she paid visits, valued at $800,000. Drinking-cups were engraved with scenes from the poets. Libraries were adorned with busts and presses of rare woods. Sofas were inlaid with tortoise shell, and covered with gorgeous purple. The Roman grandees rode in gilded chariots, bathed in marble baths, dined from golden plate, drank from crystal cups, slept on beds of down, reclined on luxurious couches, wore embroidered robes, and were adorned with precious stones. They ransacked the earth and seas for rare dishes for their banquets, and ornamented their houses with carpets from Babylon, onyx cups from Bythinia, marbles from Numidia, bronzes from Corinth, statues from Athens—whatever, in short, was precious, or rare, or curious in the most distant countries.—*Lord's Old Roman World.*

☞ "Do you take snuff?" said Pinch to Jones. "Certain—take all I can get and throw it out of the window as fast as I can." Pinch withdrew his piquant Maccaboy.

ARE THE CHILDREN AT HOME?

Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in his easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead,
That once was full of life,
Ringing with girlish laughter,
Echoing boyish strife,
We two are waiting together,
And oft, as the shadows come
With tremulous voice he calls me,
"It is night, are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago;"
And I sing, in my quivering treble,
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber,
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
Home in the better land—

Home where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears!
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years!
I know!—yet my arms are empty
That fondly folded seven,
And the mother's heart within me,
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies;
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Did lose the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud above them,
I see their radiant brows,
My boys that I gave to freedom,
The red sword sealed their vows!
In a war for holy freedom,
Twin brothers, bold and brave,
They fell; and the flag they died for,
Thank God! floats over the grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on wings of light,
And again we two are together,
Alone, alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears,
He is only back with the children
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset
Fadeth away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love, have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear, they are all at home."

How Frank Thornton was Cured.

"Look here, Bob! I just put this to you; you're not a sentimental fellow,—you're hard as nails, I know that; but I ask you, What do you say to a woman who, when she hears the family doctor declare that her husband, the man she married for love three years ago,—no, it ain't years, it's but two and seven months,—when she hears that his heart is affected; that the valves—the valves, mark you—are attacked; that ossification is apprehended,—I suppose worse couldn't be;—the very evening she hears this, goes out to a ball, and says, 'Poor Frank couldn't come; he imagines he has a something—a something!—the matter with his heart; and the stupid doctor humors him, and I'd not wonder if he kept the sofa these six months?' I pledge you my sacred word of honor these were her very words. I had them taken down verbatim, and I made Leonard and Mrs. Crawford sign their names to the document, declaring that they heard them as she uttered them. Now, none of your hair-splitting or refining; but speak out in a frank, manly way, and say, what do you think of this?"

"I simply think that your wife did not agree with your doctor."

"Oh, indeed! that is, that she formed another impression of my case; that her experience of heart disease led her to a different conclusion from Duffey's,—the first man in his profession, by the way; and that doubtless she would have suggested another line of treatment."

"No, no; don't run away with the theory. I merely meant that she thought there was not much the matter with you, and that old Duffey was a bit of an alarmist."

"By Jove, I must say he did not alarm her! She had that confounded toy terrier in her lap while he was telling it to her, and the first words she said were, 'Do tell me, doctor, will it hurt Tricksey to have his ears cut? My Cousin Staples says they must be pointed.' If there be a fool in the Household Brigade—and I suspect there are some—I'd back Howard Staples against the field. But to come to what I was saying, please to answer if you ever heard of a woman talk about her terrier's ears at the moment they were breaking to her the news that her husband was doomed; that any day, any hour—"

"Come, come, don't take on in this fashion. Be a man; keep up your pluck."

"It's not for myself I am moved,—not a bit of; there's not a fellow breathing would affront death as readily—I've shown that over and over. It is the heartlessness of that woman stabs me. It is the cold indifference of her whose life ought to have been bound up with my own,—it is *that* unmans me. I declare to you, on my honor, I didn't believe it was in human nature to behave so. That is what we have come to, with our blessed civilization and luxury. A girl marries the man who can secure her a certain amount of splendor; and when the settlement is made, and the position safe, he has no more claim on her affections—no more a place in her heart than his great-grandfather. I tell you, Bob, if that woman heard of my death to-morrow, her first thought would be to send over to that milliner in the street yonder to inquire what was the most becoming mourning she could wear in a recent affliction."

"I take it you don't want suttee in Europe, nor expect that your widow is to burn herself in honor of you."

"No, sir; I ask no such sacrifice; but I certainly do ask that while here, above-ground, though sentenced to all the tortures of a heart-affection, I may meet with some tenderness, some sympathy, some—some—never mind. She shan't unman me—that I'll promise you; but I'll promise you, also, I'll be shot if she shall keep her jointure if she marries Howard Stapleton. It's insulting enough the way that idiot treats my house. If there's a thing I detest, it is to hear the clank of a sabre on one's stairs. And then the cool way those fellows unbelt, as though your drawing-room was a mess ante-room. 'Well, old boy,' he said to me t'other day, 'how are the valves?' 'Not exactly so safe, sir,' said I, 'that you may not apprehend an explosion.'"

"That was very ready."

"I should think it *was* ready. The heart may be attacked, but it's all right up here;" and he touched his forehead significantly as he spoke.

"All the more reason, Frank, not to take a gloomy view of life. There cannot be much amiss with a man who carries himself as you do. Why, it was only yesterday you sent the groom back with your horse, and walked the whole way from Waterloo to this."

"A great feat, truly! it's under twelve miles; and I'd rather have walked forty than ridden back with that idiot Staples. I told Georgina so; and as she didn't send him off, I just dismounted and left them there."

"And very wrong of you it was."

"Oh, of course. I know the theory; I know the whole case. A well-bred husband sees little, and resents less."

"In this case there was nothing either to see or to resent."

"Very nice of you to say so, considering you were full a quarter of a mile to the rear, and riding with your own wife,—whom, by the way, you never quit for an instant."

"No; I like to keep her company."

"People remark it, though. I assure you, people make the most absurd comments upon it. I've heard you described as a sort of Othello for jealousy."

"With all my heart. So long as they don't come to tell me their opinions, "I'll not quarrel with them for holding them."

"Well, I don't pretend to be as indifferent about public opinion, and it pains me severely when I am told things people say about Georgy's high spirits and gayety of temperament. I know well the world calls these by another name behind backs."

"I wonder how you can go on worrying yourself in this fashion. It is little short of insanity."

"I'm quite prepared to hear *that* name for it some of these days. Only look here, old fellow; I'd rather, for old acquaintance' sake, that you would not be one of my accusers. Take my word for it, they'll get the thing up quite cleverly without you; and it's a sort of case an old friend never figures in very gracefully."

He arose as he said this, put on his hat, gave me a familiar nod, and walked out, leaving me, not exactly angry, though I was a little irritated, but certainly not at all disposed to prolong the conversation.

A few words will suffice to tell my reader all I need say of him. Frank Thornton had served in the 8th Hussars in India, and distinguished himself several times in the campaign of the Mutiny. He was a splendid soldier, who gloried in his profession, and was greatly loved by his comrades; though all acknowledged that, while Thornton was a fellow to go through fire and water for a friend, he was so touchy, so nervously sensitive, so alive to things which never were meant to hurt him, that his life was one unceasing round of tortures and explanations. This disposition, strengthening with years, made him at last so irritable and quarrelsome, that, popular and liked as he had once been—the pride of his own corps and the delight of the mess—men heard with pleasure the news that he had "sent in his papers," and was about to leave the service.

"You'll be glad to know I'm going to leave you," he said, one night after mess; "and I'm only sorry I didn't go when you might have regretted me. A fretful temper is like the 'prickly heat'—it doesn't make a man an agreeable neighbor; but, take my word for it, the poor devil who has the malady is worse off still."

"He's going to marry," said one of his comrades, as he left the room.

"To marry!"

"Yes, he's going to marry Georgy Gordon. Poor girl! she'll need all her high spirits to carry her through it."

"She's got what's better than high spirits," said an old Scotch major; "she's got the sweetest temper of any lassie from this to her father's house in Aberdeenshire."

"Has no one told her what a temper Thornton has?"

"She's a sort of cousin of mine," said another; "and I had a long talk with her about him t'other day. Her notion is that men only make each other worse when they attempt to correct faults of disposition; that a woman only can do so with success, but that she must be wife or sister."

"That's possible enough in ordinary cases; but where a man contrives to invert everything he looks at—where he never will believe that the world has not some covert design to deny him his due or sneer at his deserts—where it's an even chance every day that he shoots one of his best friends before night—all I can say is, that if I were Miss Gordon's brother—"

"She has none."

"Well, her father—"

"Dead, twelve years ago. She was brought up by her uncle, Sir Hercules."

"Well, I'm not particular as to the degree of the relationship. I only mean, if I had the claim to counsel her, I'd certainly say, rather never marry at all than marry Frank Thornton; though I'm quite ready to admit he's as true-hearted a gentleman and as gallant a soldier as ever served her Majesty."

It would appear that Miss Gordon was not to be terrified by the stories which reached her, or that she relied implicitly on her own powers to avert the evils with which they menaced her; for she returned from India Thornton's wife, and accompanied him to visit his mother, who lived in a beautiful part of the Isle of Wight.

A few lines announcing his marriage and return to England were all I had from him for years, when one morning the post brought me the following:—

"My Dear Bob—I have just got an ugly blow. I had invested all the stray cash I possessed in indigo, and the ryots have gone and smashed the dykes and played old gooseberry with the young crop. They say I shall lose twelve thousand pounds, which may turn out to be fifteen. At all events I must economize; and as I hear Brussels is cheap, and as I know you are there, I mean to try it. Look me up a small house—furnished of course—re
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a Saturday morning; it
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g and preparing for the
and guide-books, and
routes and roads, I saw
r the whole of two days.
n my study on Monday evening when he entered the room and threw himself into a chair. I had but to give a mere glance at him to see that he was unusually agitated and excited; his face was lividly pale, except a small red patch on one cheek, which, with the unnatural lustre of his eyes, imparted a look of something like hectic to his features.

"I suppose, Bob," said he, with a forced effort to seem calm, "I *am* the most unhappy fellow as regards temper that ever you knew."

"You certainly do contrive to give yourself no small share of misery."

"To give myself! I understand," said he, fiercely. "I am one of those with whom the world has gone admirably. I have all the blessings of health, fortune, and affection around me, but I manage, by an ingenious use of my faculties, to make myself a terror to my friends and a torment to my own home; and without a reason, or the shadow of a reason, I pick out all the disagreeable accidents of life and make my world out of them. Isn't that the theory? Out with it, man; I'm not so terrible but you can be frank with me."

"I'll not go so far—" I began.

"But I'll go farther," cried he, wildly. "I'll finish at once this dreary comedy. I have only to look at your wife's face, Bob, to see what she thinks of me. I never meet her that I don't read a perfect indictment in her looks. "You are killing that dear sweet wife of yours. You are making her life a bitterness and a sorrow. You know you are, and that you hate yourself for it. You can't desist; there is something demoniac within you that cries, 'Go on, go on—she must succumb at last.'"

"Why, this is all madness!" said I, not thinking in my eagerness of the word I used.

"That is exactly the name for it," exclaimed he, "though you never had courage to say so before. It's precisely the amount of incoherency and misdirection that medical men call insanity, and on which one's friends obtain leave from the Lord Chancellor to lock him up and administer his fortune for him. Well, now, I do not like that part of it. I tell you frankly, I couldn't stand the being immured in a mad-house, and so I have resolved, fairly resolved to cut and run for it. I'll no longer be the cause of misery to others. I'll keep my stock of wretchedness for home consumption, and I'll go away where I shall never be heard of again. Georgy, once free, will marry again, if she has the pluck to take another ticket in the lottery she has fared so ill in. You'll be quit of a very tiresome friend, and your wife relieved from the aquaintance of one who never could be a pleasant intimate or a very safe example. Don't try to turn me from my plan. I declare to you on my honor I am irrevocable. I shall go off to-morrow to Tervueren for a day's shooting. I have been talking of it for some time back. When there, I shall meet with a gun accident—that's the phrase they have for it in the newspapers; you'll hurry off naturally at once, but it will be all over before you arrive. I don't trouble myself about the details. You shall fill them in with all due regard to your own respectability, and what becomes your regard for a friend's memory. I mistake Georgy much, or the first shock, the horror of the event, will be the worst of it."

"You mean to shoot yourself," said I, with perfect calmness.

"Not necessarily," said he, in the same easy tone, "if you will agree to aid me by propagating the story of my death. I have no particular desire to die. I can go away to New Zealand, or some out-of-the-way place, under another name, and never be heard of. All I really want is to cut the tie that binds that poor woman to my wretched identity, and, by leaving her free, to make her the only reparation I can for all the misery I have brought upon her."

I will not repeat how eagerly I tried to combat this resolve, and to turn him from his rash purpose. I exhausted every argument I could think of, and told him at last that it was a cowardly submission to his own selfishness that prompted a measure which could be infinitely better secured by the exercise of some self-control and a victory over his own temper.

"It may be all as you say," replied he, "but there are certain things I *can* do, and there are others that are above my strength. Let me at least be the judge of what I am equal to."

The utmost I could obtain from him in the way of concession was, that he would await in some secret place the result of his experiment, and if it should turn out that, contrary to all his belief and conviction, his wife should prove inconsolable for his loss, and given up to unceasing sorrow, that he would concert with me what steps to take to satisfy her he was yet living, and at the same time not unworthy of her love and affection. I own I did not see my way to this at all, but as it left something open to a contingency, I accepted it as the best compromise that offered. The plan was then modified to this extent, that he was to go first to Tervueren, thence to Wavre, where there was a small cabaret where he could stop unnoticed, and receive my daily bulletin of the state of things in Brussels—how his wife bore up, and what effect the terrible event seemed to have upon her.

We accordingly arranged a few ciphers for correspondence by the use of numbers, all of which I can remember now was, that the number "three" thrice repeated meant extreme dejection, four "nines" implied she was taking things with much resignation, and "five" suggested she would soon get over her affliction. He was very eager to supply signs to represent a heartless degree of indifference, and even joy, but I suppressed these as mere emanations of malice and bad temper.

He amazed me that evening at tea. There was not a form of agreeability that he did not display. He talked his very best; he sketched little descriptions of places he had visited and people he had met with in a style of picturesque brilliancy I had not believed him capable of. He was all good-humor too, and took the banter we had the courage to bestow on him for once with a geniality and pleasantry positively charming; and finally sang seconds to my wife with an expression and correctness that vouched for a warm desire to please, in which, I must say, he had a perfect success.

"How delightful he can be!" whispered my wife, as he left the room. "I declare, he has no equal when he condescends to be agreeable. I wonder why he will not be always thus;" and then, after a pause, she added, "Is it that Georgy does not understand him?" I made no reply, but took my flat candlestick and walked away.

If my reader be married, he or she will easily guess what I did next: I went and told the whole to my wife. She was terribly shocked at first. She even wanted me to hasten off to the Legation and bespeak the Minister's interference, as though her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary had any special power to control the bad passions of British subjects, or could make ill-tempered people keep the peace towards themselves. Next, she suggested that Thornton should be at once put under restraint. She would not hear of any other name for it but madness. I warned her strongly against this course; and then, as she calmed down, we talked over the whole "situation," canvassing it under every aspect we could think of, and imagining how the public would pronounce upon each distinct view of it.

I knew well enough what my wife was drifting at, all through. She clearly thought that if everything tragic could be avoided—if there were to be nothing to shock the feelings or leave a terrible memory behind it—the very best thing that could happen to dear Georgy would be to be well rid of him. She did not like exactly to say this in so many words, but she dropped little half-pious sentiments and devotional apothegems that showed me what worldliness was passing in her head; and when she said something about "a happy release," I felt poor Frank's sentence had been pronounced beyond recall.

"Stay," cried I, suddenly; "another notion has just occurred to me. Frank is to loiter about the neighborhood in disguise till he learns how his wife bears up under his loss. What if we were to go and tell the whole story as it stands to Georgina? She may feel shocked for a moment, but she has plenty of good sense and plenty of courage. She knows Frank better than we do, and she will know exactly what he calculates on in submitting her to this test—whether, in fact, he would like to think that she was inconsolable for his loss, or that she struck a sort of balance between her affection and her sorrow, and left him at the end with a small sum to his credit. I say, neither you nor I could possibly guess this, but she might. She has abundance of brains, you say, and she is so fond of him. Reason the more to do what she can in his behalf. Now, I remember a physician once telling me of a case, where a lunatic of the most violent and hopeless kind was perfectly cured of his insanity by having jumped out of a window three stories from the ground. He smashed both his legs, but he recovered his intellect, and never relapsed into madness. Now, Frank is not insane, nor anything like insane, but there is a morbid excitement in his brain, which cannot be healthy. Who is to say what a smart shock—something that would give his whole nature the effect of a sudden awakening to new perceptions—might not do for him? At all events, it is worth the trial. Go and see Georgy, and if you find the moment favorable, break the whole affair to her, and ask her advice."

My wife was away rather more than two hours. I don't think I ever passed two such hours in my life. It was a perfect eternity of feverish anxiety. I sat down, and got up, and walked the room. I opened the window and shut it. I listened at the door to hear if my wife were coming; the dead silence appalled me, and my heart sank under a weight of something inexpressibly heavy and oppressive. As the clock struck three, I heard the rustle of her dress on the stairs. I went out to meet her. She looked calm and composed, but I could see traces of fatigue in her features, and she passed into the room and sat down before she spoke.

"You told her?" asked I.

She nodded an assent.

"And how did she bear it?"

"I should say wonderfully. She never once interrupted me, or even interposed a word till I had finished; then she lay back on the sofa, and, heaving a heavy sigh, said, 'I had hoped he had given up these sort of things.'

"'You don't mean to say,' cried I, 'that he has done this before?'"

"'No, not this. This is perfectly new; and, indeed, it is a piece which does not admit of repetition; but he used to be very fond of these "surprises," if that be the name for them, and when we were first married I think I was subjected to as many temptations as St. Anthony. His great anxiety seemed to be to know how I should behave in certain contingencies which need never have occurred. His theory, he announced it openly, was this: No man knows anything whatever about the nature of the woman he marries till he has submitted her to certain tests. So long as she lives surrounded with affluence and luxury, how can he possibly say in what spirit she will meet poverty and privation? If he is eternally at her side, showing her all the assiduities and attentions of a lover, how is he to know in what way she will behave if she should have, or fancy she should have, cause for jealousy? Indeed, on this last he tried me pretty sharply. He made himself very remarkable with a beautiful widow at Calcutta before we were two months married, and only desisted from the pursuit when he found that I had fretted myself into a low fever, in which, for a time, I was despaired of; and on my recovery he declared that the whole thing had been got up to satisfy his mind on the score of my susceptibility to jealousy, and that as I had come through the ordeal apparently to his satisfaction, I should not in future be exposed to a test on this score. I assure you I never was quite certain—I am not yet—how much of truth there was in that story of our losses in India. I could not say that it was not another of these experiments on my disposition. If so, he must have been charmed with my conduct, for I care less than most people for luxuries, and am not a bit afraid of narrow fortune.'

"'And now, dearest Georgy, as to this last threat, if he should really go away—if he should imagine that there is no other reparation to make you for all the misery he has caused you than to banish himself for ever—can you possibly frame to your mind in what spirit he hopes to see you meet this new disaster?'

"'First of all, let me assure you that what he says he intends; he is not a man to make vain menaces. As to your second question, it is harder to answer; but my impression is, that though all he means is generously intended, he would be heart-broken if he thought I could accept his loss as a relief.'

"We talked a long time after this, but I don't think we ever arrived any nearer to a solution of the difficulty. She continually repeated, 'I rely on your husband's friendship, and on his judgment for everything.'

"'If this should be happily his last trial of you, and that, after it, he had no more doubts to solve about your character, it is all-important to divine now the exact way in which he wants you to behave.'

"'Very wretched and miserable, I have no doubt, and with something not very re-

mote from self-accusation for all that has happened.'

"These were her words to me at parting. I came away hurriedly, for I was afraid to excite her further."

"Well, he's gone now!"

"Gone!"

"Yes; he wrote me one line to say good-by. It ran thus: 'They'll find a hat on the river's bank, near the falls, easily identified as mine. I am at Wavre. Address—Jean Maurice, Cadran Jaune.' He's to be drowned, it seems—not shot."

"Humph!" said my wife, with a toss of her head, not at all complimentary to the hero of the adventure. "And have you hit upon anything to be done?"

"Not as yet; I must turn over the whole matter quietly in my mind. It is a case where the least mistake might be ruin. He is a man who would resent any publicity as an offence never to be forgiven, and this makes the affair all the more difficult to deal with. Leave me now to think over it, and perhaps I may chance on some expedient to get us well through the scrape."

It was late in the afternoon of the following day when I next saw my wife, and was obliged to confess that I was just in the same condition of doubt and indecision in which she had left me. "Georgy's in the garden," said she; "come out and speak to her."

It was not exactly an easy thing to do, but I went. She was very pale, and her eyelids swollen, but she met me with a faint smile, and said, "I know you have not been to bed, and have been thinking of me all night; but I believe we must just suffer events to roll on, and, if a happy moment to intervene should occur, seize it. Isn't that your own thought?"

I nodded twice, and we walked along without a word on either side.

I remember very little of all that passed between us that day; the impression I carried away, however, was, that she was one of the best-natured, best-tempered women I had ever met, and this thought certainly did not in any way tend to the elevation of Frank in my esteem.

My reflections, as I sauntered about that evening, were not very agreeable ones. I pictured to myself all the versions of the story, each containing some minute particle of truth that would get abroad, and I fancied how many little heightening incidents would be added by an eager and truth-loving public. I next bethought me of the comments that would be pronounced—those acute and wise remarks half-informed people deliver like solemn judgments. What was Mr. Considine about all this time? Can any one explain this gentleman's inactivity, his actual apathy? Then I fancied the impertinences of the press holding me up to rebuke or ridicule. Mr. Considine, who knew everything and did nothing, does not appear to us the least reprehensible actor in the unhappy drama. It is sure to be a drama, occasionally to be called tragedy. There would be indignant inquiries, Why is not Mr. Considine examined? What steps have the authorities taken to ascertain the part played by this gentleman in this disastrous history? One is never very sure of what foreigners will not dramatize, and I had no fancy for figuring on the boards as the villain of the piece; perhaps—by no means unlikely—announced in the bill, "secretly in love with Frank's wife." I will not recall the horrors that tormented me; but I calmly declare that I think my sufferings on that occasion were scarcely inferior to Frank's own, though I don't suspect he would have agreed with me in this conviction.

I hastened off to a friend closely connected with the press, and engaged him on no account to let the newspapers occupy themselves with this story if it ever reached them. My friend consolingly assured me I might set my mind at ease on that score, as the sharp-shooting "verein" from Dusseldorf had just come down to contest for a prize, and drink beer with the brothers of St. Joseph te Noode; and that an earthquake that should swallow up half Europe would not obtain a paragraph at a moment so interesting and eventful. Although, then, the man who brought me the first tidings of the missing Englishman at Tervueren went the round of the papers with the news, not one of them would condescend to "set up" the information.

The piece had now begun—the curtain had risen; and I at once determined, that, if possible, it should be a comedy—melodramatic, if you like—but still a comedy. If I could not give it this turn, the poor young woman would sink under it. I must make it droll, or it would be the death of her; and so I announced my news at the breakfast-table, saying, "First tableaux—A stranger missed—hat found near the river—maker's name Whitty, Bond Street;" and then, before they had time for a word, I opened a note written in pencil. "Wavre. Got here at twelve; shaved off beard and whiskers, not to be recognized by any one, engaged as second ostler; send news of her at once."

I led the way by a hearty laugh; my wife chimed in; and Georgina, though her eyes were very glassy, could not help joining; and thus, by one *coup de tete*, my victory was won.

"Here's the cipher," said I, taking out my note-book; "what am I to report you? Supremely wretched, or will you be stunned and insensible?"

"Put down 'three' four times," said my wife.

"That's one too many," said I; "three threes means a triple X. of affliction."

"I'd rather say, 'Bearing it wonderfully,'" murmured Georgina; and her lip trembled with a struggle between a smile and a sob.

"I'll say, 'Behaving like an angel,'" said I; "and I'll write it in a bold hand, and no cipher at all;" and accordingly the bulletin was sent off by post: "Behaving like an angel—11 o'clock, A. M." A special messenger arrived from Wavre the same evening, with the following: "What do you mean? No enigmas. Report at once and intelligibly how does she bear it."

It was almost with a cry of triumph I read this aloud in the drawing-room. "I see every card in his hand," I exclaimed; "the game is won already."

"You are right," said my wife; "he is in torture till he hears that she's inconsolable. The man can't endure the thought that you are able to survive him, dearest! There's the whole secret out! Yes, darling; it is one of those beautiful instances of the way husbands love their wives. They invariably expect that devotion is to be the return for the most outrageous bad treatment."

It was such a very rare thing for my wife to give way to a burst of eloquence after this fashion, that I stared at her in speechless amazement.

"Look astonished if you like, Berto," said she to me, while her cheek was hot and her eyes flashing; "but it is not a thing to be calm upon. I know that if I—"

"Well, dear," said I, "continue."

"Don't ask me, or rather don't give me the provocation," said she, warmly, "that's all."

This was a curious and somewhat unexpected turn for the discussion to take, but, on the whole, not altogether unfortunate. It created a sort of diversion which relieved Georgina from the uncomfortable prominence of being the person under consideration; and this enabled her, after a brief pause, to ask, with an air of calm, "Will you tell me why you believe that we have won this game?" She smiled as she repeated to me my my own words.

"I'll tell you," I replied, and I spoke now slowly and collectedly. "Whenever your husband submitted you to any test, you always came through the ordeal precisely as he desired you should. He wished he could make you jealous, and you satisfied him that he could. He wished that you might bear up courageously under a change of fortune, and confront even poverty without repining. This test also you stood victoriously. Last of all he would ascertain what effect his loss would produce upon you; and you have only to content him on this point to minister to that inordinate self-love which is never weary of feeding itself by your sacrifices, and the man will go on with this game forever. Just read his message, and you cannot help seeing that I am right: 'No enigmas. How does she bear it?' means, Tell me she is overwhelmed with affliction—tell me she will listen to no words of comfort or consolation—that the cup of her misery is full to overflowing—that life must henceforth be a blank to her. In one word, he wants to hear that you sorrow without hope, and never care longer for life. This is what he asks for, and this is exfictly what I'll not send him."

"I declare I believe Berto is right," said my wife.

"I know I am. Frank would have given up these persecutions years ago, but his success dazzled him. With every fresh experiment he came out a gainer. He had only to fancy that you would be more lovable by this or that quality, and straightway you proved to him that you were what he so wished you to be. Now, without being in the least his apologist, I declare frankly I'm not a bit surprised at his being led away by such a bait to his vanity. Take my word for it, I have hit the blot. This is the true explanation of all he has done—of all he is doing."

"Am I then to appear as if I was indifferent, as if I was unconcerned?"

"No, not that. That would be as great an error on the other side. Utter heartlessness would revolt him as soon as he could be brought to believe it. We must go very cautiously to work here; and, to begin, we shall puzzle him a little; his impatience will soon show what our next move ought to be. My present message will not be a great deal clearer than my last. I will say, 'Health not worse—fortitude incredible.'"

"It's clear enough what you mean," said my wife; "you intend he shall taste a little of those same anxieties he was so fond of inflicting on Georgina."

"Precisely word for word what I meant. He shall have a few days of that torturing uncertainty he has given her years of, and if he disapprove of the regimen, the chance is he will not return to it."

I will not dwell on the days that followed this. I will simply state that I continued a system of partly vague, partly significant messages, to keep Thornton in a state of suspense, anxiety, and anger only short of mania. His interest in the game—for game it was—became intense; and when, to his wildest entreaties for a "Yes" or "No" answered to some urgent question, I returned an equivocal or totally unintelligible reply, I could see that there was great hope of his being cured at last of his fatal infatuation.

If I cannot, however, dwell on this, as little do I like to recall the scenes I had to encounter at home; for though at first my wife and Georgia consented to aid me in my project, and appeared assured of its success, they soon began to feel misgivings about "our right" to do this, that, or the other. They questioned the propriety of one thing, and retreated from any partnership in another. In fact, they behaved like people who were already preparing their defence against some future accusation, and comporting themselves like persons already arraigned. This sort of opposition did not conduce to my comfort, and probably did not contribute to my prudence, and I am afraid—yes, I am obliged to own—I lost all patience, and told my wife, "If Georgina continues to thwart me, I give you warning I will pitch up the whole affair—tell Thornton he may come back, or go to Jericho if he likes better—and leave the imbroglio to unravel itself how it may."

"What in the name of all patience," cried my wife, "do you want the poor woman to do? She does her utmost to look cheerful and contented, but if I go to her room I always find her in tears. She went with you at first when you said that her husband might be cured of his unhappy misgivings if he only once experienced the sort of misery they produced; but now she owns she sees him no nearer to this goal than ever; and I agree with her perfectly."

"And whose fault is it if it be so? Did she not refuse me t'other day permission to tell him as I suggested, that she was actually shocked with herself for being so happy?"

"Yes, and quite right too. The poor thing cries her eyes out, and why should she say an untruth?"

"But don't you see it is a finesse of the game?"

"Oh, I'm sick of the game! If a man cannot behave well to his wife without being cheated into it, the sooner she gets rid of him the better.

I believe the discussion grew animated, and even warm; but after many little sallies into each other's lines, we came back to where we started, by my wife abruptly asking—

"Is this, then, to go on for years? He was, if I understood you aright, to be so stung in self-love, so wounded in pride, by finding that his wife could live without him, that he would hasten back to assure her of his undying affection. Wasn't that the theory?"

"Yes," said I, haughtily, "that was the theory."

"And has it proved a success?"

"It would have had a triumphant success if she had followed my advice."

"Oh, are we back there again?" cried she, with a weary sigh.

Controlling my temper as well as I could, I made a few turns in the room, when, suddenly a thought shot across my mind, and I said—

"You were advising the other morning that we should take Ge
It is above a month sin
Let us go and dine in t
There is no fear of me
time of the year. Let
and try if we cannot
amuse her."

"Is this to be anothe
asked she, smiling.

"Well, as you ask
own it is."

"There's Georgy no
us go and talk it ove
saying we opened the
out.

We had not gone ma
Georgina running towa
diant with joy.

"Oh, what do you th
voice ringing with de
him—he was there."

"Where?"

"In the stable-yard.
taking in hay, and there
country people, dressed
and mustaches shaved
that no eyes but my o
nized him. He crossed
way and stood looking
apparently some one re
removed away and disa
him. Poor fellow, ho
looked! not but it has
even to catch a glimpse
that he was longing to

"I told you how it
said I, triumphantly.
little patience and per
he must succumb."

My wife said nothing
she felt vanquished a
irritable tone, as of one
quit the field without a

"And your fine projec
the dinner in the wood-
the present conjuncture

"As if it was made ex
has now shown how m
having any intelligible
But my messages, as I
have almost driven him
dure the uncertainty n
at any risk, he came up
her. Boisfort, or I gr
finish the drama, and
and imploring pardon a
tain."

"Is is all far too astu
me," said my wife, sauc
glad that the success of
much finer intellects."

We were again gettin
ground, so I beat a ret
and sent off the followin
at Wavre:—

"We mean, by way o
air and distraction, to t
at Boisfort on Saturday
table to be laid in the g
If you wish to judge
how she looks, you c
yourself and affect to h
ing another table in the
will be five o'clock."

That little garden at
of the forest of Soign
spot, and never prettier
when the fruit-trees are
bright, green grass is co
shower of apricot and c
air loaded with their del
is sure to have the place
at this early season; for
the weather, or how te
sensible Belgian would
the trees till the almana
surance that the time
was duly come; nor is
tain that the carp in th
themselves to be tempt
crumbs of bread at a s
by custom and tradition

Never—and I have h
of it—did I see it loo
than on this bright day
drove into the little
rounded by a cordon o
beaming with joy at th
the coming season.

I had ordered a very
ner—that is, there w
dishes, but each was t
executed by the *gran m*
himself; and how glad
rate, even thus passing
has so often delighted,
so often refreshed me
entrees, separated by lo
miles from you, how
whether your oyster *pa*
your *supremes* as super
of yore! Your little
feathery beech-trees,
pond, its myriad of s
snow-white napkins, ri
eye; and I can revive h
I recall the time whe
champagne, lying Milli
cowslips.

Our table stood under
tree, whose lower bra
festooned with a gorg
hung in graceful cluste
us; a little hedge of s
on one side; and a sm
covered with hot-house
sion, delighted the eye
fountain threw a spray
leaves, imparting that
freshness so pleasant at

My wife and Georg
with it all. There is n
to appreciate the double
and an exquisite dinner
ture, the song of birds,
seem to dispose her to
joyment of the good th
she can blend her delig
unknown to our coarser

"Yes," said my wife
pered remark of Georgi
of the things he excels

I knew this was a pa
as a host, and as I arra
a thrill of proud triu
ought to mention here th
to my wife's insistance.
ing black, which she ha
departure, and was dre
with a quantity of lace
her vastly; indeed, sh
than ever I had seen he

I read over the bill o
begun our dinner. I w
soup with an anxious
Georgina her lesson—
she was to do—I had t
in her part, and made
in my library before w
assurance had I that
down, after all? What
that her agitation mig
at the eventful momen
hibition of emotion en

eorgy out for a drive.
ce she was in the air.
he wood at Boisfort.
eting any one at this
us make a day of it,
rally her spirits and

r move of the game?"

ne so frankly, I will

w in the garden—let
r with her;" and so
glass door and went

ny steps when we saw
ards us, her face ra-

sink?" cried she, in a
ight; "I have seen

Your people were
e he was amongst the
like a peasant, beard
off, and so changed
wn could have recog-
over the little path-
up at my window till
marked it, when he
ppeared. But I knew
w worn and ill he
done my heart good
of him, and to know
see me."
would all turn out,"
"It only required a
sistence, and I knew

, a clear proof that
t last. With a half-
e who did not like to
shot, she said,
t about Boisfort, and
—how does it fit into
e?"
pressly for it. Frank
iserable he is at not
news of Georgina.
meant they should,
crazy. He could en-
o longer, and hence,
o here to try and see
eatly mistake, must
display him penitent
t the fall of the cur-

ite and too subtle for
ily. "I am heartily
the piece depends on

ng into skirmishing-
reat into the house,
g few lines to Frank,

of a little change of
take her out to dine
. I shall order our
arden, near the lake.
with your own eyes
ould easily disguise
e engaged in arrang-
e vicinity. The hour

Boisfort, in the midst
ies, is a very pretty
r than in the spring,
e in blossom, and the
overed with a perfect
cherry buds, and the
licious perfume. One
e to himself, besides,
, no matter how fine
empting the day, no
go out to dine under
ne had given him as-
for such festivities
it by any means cer-
e pond would permit
ed to the surface by
eason unconsecrated
n.
nd a long experience
king more beautiful
of early May, as we
our, and were sur-
f delighted waiters,
he first harbingers of

choice "little" din-
ere to be very few
o be a *capo d' opera*,
aestro*, Mons. Dubos,
am I to commemo-
ly, one whose genius
whose resources have
! Oh, man of many
ng distance of weary
often do I wonder
ites are as exquisite,
latively delicious, as
garden amidst the
with its clear fish-
inging-birds, and its
es before my mind's
ours of enjoyment as
n I sipped my iced
bonus-like among the

a magnificent beech-
nches were perfectly
geous japonica, that
rs above and around
weet-brier flanked us
mall artificial mound,
plants for the occa-
of another. A tiny
-like shower over the
sense of cool and
meal-times.
ina were in ecstacy
nothing like a woman
e delights of rusticity
. The charms of na-
the odor of flowers,
n higher sense of en-
ings of the table, and
ghts in a way utterly
r natures.
e, in reply to a whis-
na's—"yes, it is one
in."
negyric on my talents
nged my napkin I felt
mph through me. I
hat Georgina, yielding
had given up wear-
d done since Frank's
essed in a gray silk,
about it, that became
e looked handsomer
r.
f fare aloud, and we
vill own I sipped my
heart. I had given
I had taught her all
horoughly drilled her
her even rehearse it
ve started; but what
she would not break
certainty was there
ht not overcome her
t, and a pitiable ex-
l in utter failure! I

did all that prudence could suggest; and when I had filled her glass with choice madeira, I muttered to myself, "The Fates must take charge of the rest."

I could notice that her agitation was very great, but that she fought nobly against it, and especially that my wife should not observe her emotion. Our talk at first was chiefly of the dinner; and fortunately there was nothing to say on this head but praise.

As I deemed it likely that I might detect Frank and his disguise before his wife might be aware of his presence, I had pre-arranged with Georgina that I would signal the fact of his being come by ordering the waiter to give me champagne, which, if I took in a glass intended for bordeaux, was to mean that I saw him. I was relating some commonplace anecdote when I gave this order, and then went on with my story. I watched her, however, steal a glance towards my glass, and saw a slight tremor pass over her as the man filled it.

"Do you really like dining in this fashion?" asked I, with a half careless air; "or is it too irregular, too disorderly, for your taste?"

"I like it," said she, hastily, but not raising her head as she spoke.

"I like it too," said my wife; "but I own M. Dubos and his good cookery go a considerable way in biassing my judgment; and I half suspect if we were able to have such a *chef* at home, I'd rather dine *there* than *here*."

"I protest loudly," cried I "against any warped opinion. I stand up for my rural delights, and will do battle for my rosebuds, and nightingales, and almond-blossoms against all comers." I watched Frank while I was speaking, and by a concerted sign encouraged him to draw nearer, and busy himself at a side table. I then filled Georgina's glass with champagne, and whispered a few words to her.

"Yes," said she, timidly, but still aloud—"yes *he* liked it; but, as in everything else, he was so capricious that one never could say when he would declare it was odious."

My wife actually started with astonishment at these words. Never before had she heard from Georgina anything but unqualified praise of her husband.

"How tiresome these capricious people are!" said I. "They impart to existence all the miseries of the ague; to think when you are not burning you are shivering."

"Worse than that," chimed in Georgina, "they make one distrust his own nature. The very fact that you see what you intended accepted as something exactly the opposite, leads you to suppose there must be some terrible want of right perception in yourself, and you begin to distrust not only everything but everybody."

"If one were to anlyze all his food before he began to eat it, nutrition would go on somewhat slowly," said I.

"And wouldn't the food be very appetizing besides?" said Georgina, laughing. "I delare to you I was quite worn out with eternal trials; for I wasn't merely questioned, like the man in the book, what I should do if I saw a white bear, but I was threatened with a whole region of bears."

Frank was now standing behind her chair, almost bending over her, his face glowing with rage, and his eyes starting out of their sockets.

"I don't think I ever heard you speak in this way before," said my wife, whose voice had a twang of rebuke in it very palpable and remarkable.

"Perhaps not. Perhaps these surroundings," said she, with a laugh, "have led me on to expansiveness: perhaps I couldn't repress it any longer."

"What was the feather that broke the camel's back?" said my wife.

"My dear friend, it was a wool-pack! Please tell this man not to lay his hand on my chair."

Frank started back, almost staggering, and then, recovering himself, he walked slowly round the table till he came directly in front of her.

Georgina glanced at him hastily, and said—

"These people, I take it, don't understand English?"

"Of course not," I replied; "but why do you ask?"

"There's a creature yonder has a wonderful look of Frank, if it were possible that cutting off his beard could make him so hideous."

"Good heavens, woman!" shouted he, in a voice wild with passion, "are you so utterly heartless, so shamelessly lost to all feeling, as this?"

Before this short burst was over, Georgina had fallen fainting to the ground. Her effort had been more than she had strength for, and it was long before we could bring her back to life and consciousness. When at length her heart rallied, and the film passed from before her eyes, the first object she saw was her husband kneeling at her feet, and covering her hand with kisses.

We had him told everything, and his delight was boundless.

Frank was cured; but I declare, I'll not treat such another case as long as I live.

Condensed Misery.

In one of our telegraphic offices, recently, was received a message for Peter Coughlin, from his sweetheart, Margaret Flaherty, inviting him to spend Sunday with her.

Of course the telegram was duly sent to his address. That evening a forlorn-looking object entered the office, and, going to the operator, said:

"Please, sir, I want to send a message."

"Well, here is paper; write it down."

"Indeed, sur, I can't write."

The operator, who was a brisk little man, said:

"Come to the desk, then, and tell me what you want to send."

He came slowly, and gave the address, Margaret Flaherty, &c.; then, in a deep, sepulchral tone, hitching near the machine, he said, "I am married, and to my grief!"

If the wires didn't laugh the operators did, as the message sped swiftly from station to station. No two-volumed novel, with connubial miseries long drawn out, could have portrayed more heart-rending grief than Peter's telegram.

☞ At an intended wedding, just as the ceremonies were about to begin, the bride suddenly called upon the bridegroom to abjure tobacco, on pain of forfeiture of wedded bliss, &c., which he refused to do—then and there taking a fresh quid from his tobacco box, to show his independence. Whereupon the young lady took out a dainty box, "took a chew," amid the applause of the guests, and ordered the clergyman to go ahead. This was too much for the bridegroom, who fled the scene, leaving the girl triumphant with a piece of liquorice in her mouth.

A Curious Vocabulary.

SINGULAR DEVELOPMENT OF LANGUAGE IN A CHILD.

Under the title of "Singular Development of Language in a Child" Dr. E. R. Hun, of Albany, N. Y., communicates the following to Dr. Hammond's Journal of Psychological Medicine:

"The subject of this observation is a girl aged four and a half years, sprightly, intelligent, and in good health. Her mother observed, when she was two years old, that she was backward in speaking, and only used the words papa and mamma. After that she began to use words of her own invention; and though she understood readily what was said, never employed the words used by others. Gradually she enlarged her vocabulary, until it has reached the extent described below.

"She has a brother eighteen months younger than herself who has learned her language, so that they talk freely together. He, however, seems to have adopted it only because he has more intercourse with her than with others; and in some instances he will use a proper word with his mother and the sister's word with her. She, however, persists in using only her own words, though her parents, who are uneasy about her peculiarity of speech, make great efforts to induce her to use proper words.

"As to the possibility of her having learned these words from others, it is proper to state that her parents are persons of cultivation, who only use the English language. Her mother has learned French, but never uses the language in conversation. The domestics, as well as the nurses, speak English without any peculiarities, and the child has heard even less than usual of what is called baby talk.

"Some of the words and phrases have a resemblance to the French, but it is certain that no person using that language has frequented the house, and it is doubtful whether the child has on any occasion heard it spoken.

"There seems to be no difficulty about the vocal organs. She uses her language readily and freely, and when she is with her brother they converse with great rapidity and fluency.

"The following is the vocabulary which I have been able at different times to compile from the child herself, and especially from the report of the mother. In the spelling I have endeavored as much as possible to reproduce the sound of the words.

"*Gumnigar.* All the substantials of the table, such as bread, meat, vegetables, etc.; and the same word is used to designate the cook. The boy does not use this word, but uses *Gna-migna* in the same sense, which the girl considers a mistake.

"*Migno-migno.* Water, wash, bath.

"*Go-go.* Delicacies, as sugar, candy, or dessert.

"*Ma.* I, myself.

"*Odo.* To send for, to go out, to take away.

"*Ma odo.* I (want to) go out.

"*Gar.* Horse.

"*Gar odo.* Send for the horse. When the father sends for a carriage, he writes an order and sends it to the stable. Hence the children, from seeing him write the order, use the same expression (*gar odo*), to denote pencil and paper.

"*Too.* All, everything.

"*Too odo.* It is all gone, or in reference to food, 'it is all eaten up.'

"*Feu.* (Pronounced like the French word). Fire, heat, light, cigar, sun.

"*Gaan*—God. When it rains the children often run to the window and call out, 'Gaan odo, migno-migno, feu odo;' which means, 'God take away the rain and send the sun.' *Odo* before the object meaning 'to take away,' and after the object 'to send.'

"*Ne pa.* Not. *Ne pa feu.* 'I am not warm.' *Feu papa?* '(Do you want) a cigar, papa?' *Ne pa feu dere.* '(There is) no cigar there.'

"*Deer.* Money, of any kind.

"*Pa-ma.* To go to sleep, pillow, bed. *Mamma ma pa-ma.* 'Mamma (I want) to go to sleep.'

"*Waia-waiar.* Black, darkness, a negro.

"*Mea.* Cat, furs. *Mea waia-waiar.* Denotes 'dark furs.' *No waia-waiar mea.* 'Light furs.'

"*Beer.* Literature, books, or school. *Didi odo beer.* 'Lizzie goes to school.'

"*Papa-mamma.* Church, prayer-book, cross, priest, to say their prayers.

"*Bau.* Soldier, music. From seeing the bishop in his mitre and vestments, thinking he was a soldier, they applied the word *Bau* to him.

"*Manar.* Good.

"*Keh.* To soil. *Ma keh no.* 'I will not soil myself.'

"*Peer.* Ball. (During the last few days the boy has begun to use a number of English words, such as up, down, please, boy, charcoal, etc., and upon his mother saying to him that grown-up persons did not call a ball '*peer*,' he at once called it *ball* to her, but continued to use the word '*peer*' when speaking to his sister.)

"*Baby.* The name used by the boy in addressing his sister until a younger brother was born. After which the girl objected to being called '*baby*,' and her name was changed to '*Tu-tu*.'

"*Petee-petee.* The name given the boy by his sister.

"*Bubia.* The name by which they both call their younger brother."

MADEIRA wine, once so popular in England and India, has long become a drink of the past. The grape disease destroyed the famous vineyards of the island, and the peasantry, thrown out of work, emigrated to the West Innies, whence a few of them returning, substituted the cultivation of the sugar-cane for that of the grape. But Messrs. Cossart, Gordon & Co., write from Funchal, to the Times, to announce that the vines of Madeira are recovering from the plague by which they have been smitten; that the vintage of 1867 amounted to 2,300 pipes, of which 1,600 were of prime quality; and that the yield of the present year promises to surpass that of 1867. So cheered are the Madeirans by their prospects that in many parts of the island they are rooting up the sugar-canes and replanting vines.

☞ Much of the water to be obtained along the line of the Pacific Railroad is strongly impregnated with alkalies. A stage-driver observing a passenger about to quaff some of it the other day, exclaimed, with a genuine Western style of simile, "Don't drink that, colonel, for it will go through you like the ten commandments through a Sunday-school."

☞ Two men in Kansas paid $800 in costs of court and lawyers' fees before they could get judgment on the ownership of a calf worth seven dollars.

A Surgical "Cut."

One blazing hot day, when I was ashore at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, I was sitting in the coolest verandah I could find, enjoying a tumbler of sangaree, in company with a little assistant surgeon belonging to Her Majesty's Frigate Thermopylæ. To us entered a colored gentleman, an excellent sample of the native-born Barbadian, as full of airs and graces as a Parisian dancing-master.

"I've de honor, sar, I believe, sar," said he, with a wonderful flourish, "of 'dressing an officer of de frigate Monopoly, sar?"

"Yes," replied my friend, "I belong to the Thermoplylæ."

"Sorry to inform you, sar, dat a officer of your ship, sar, lies at dis moment in de police-station, in a deplorable state of intoxification, sar."

Our informant was unable to tell us the name of the officer who had got into this scrape, but my little surgeon, eager to befriend a messmate, at once ordered a carriage, and drove off to the police station. I could not accompany him, as I was expecting a visitor. I therefore sat and awaited his return.

At the end of an hour or so, the little surgeon, came back, very hot and very angry.

"Hang that palavering nigger," he muttered. "I've spent five shillings for nothing; and five shillings, I can assure you, makes a hole in an assistant's pay."

"How so? Was there no naval officer at the police-station at all?"

"Oh, yes; there was an officer there, laid on a table, as drunk as a lord, and snoring like a hog; but"—he uttered these words with ineffable scorn—"it was our chief engineer. He *doesn't belong to our mess*, so I just let him sweat."

Different Styles of Oratory.

Pericles was perhaps the most perfect public speaker who ever lived, for he was the man who most perfectly combined thought and wisdom with feeling and eloquence. Yet Alcibiades declares that men went away from the oratory of Pericles, saying it was very fine, it was very good, and afterwards thinking no more about it; but they went away from hearing Socrates talk, with the point of what he had said sticking fast in their minds, and they could not get rid of it. Socrates is poisoned and dead; but in his own breast every man carries about with him a possible Socrates, in that power of a disinterested play of consciousness upon his stock notions and habits of which this wise and admirable man gave all through his lifetime the great example, and which was the secret of his incomparable influence. And he who leads men to call forth and exercise in themselves this power, and who busily calls it forth and exercises it in himself, is at the present moment, perhaps, as Socrates was in his time, more in concert with the vital working of men's minds, and more effectually significant, than any House of Commons' orator or practical operator in politics.

Curious Mis-Quotations.

There are misquotations from Hudibras and other sources which have taken firmer hold of the popular memory than the true ones. For instance,—

> He that fights, and runs away,
> May live to fight another day;
> But he that's in the battle slain
> Can never rise to fight again—

is not in Hudibras. The nearest to these lines stands as follows:

> For those that fly may fight again,
> Which he can never do that's slain.

Again, Mrs. Malaprop is frequently credited with "Comparisons are odorous," which belongs to Dogberry. Quoting from memory, I think her words are, No caparisons, Miss, —caparisons don't become a young woman.

In proverbs:—"Hell is paved with good intentions," should be, The road to hell is so paved. It is Portuguese.

"A miss is as good as a mile," should be, A miss of an inch is as good as a mile.

There is a proper name frequently misquoted, to the annoyance of many people in London and Yorkshire, namely, that of Bill Sikes, in Oliver Twist, which is almost always referred to as Bill Sykes.

☞ These charming verses are copied from Mr. George MacDonald's "Songs of the Summer Nights:"—

> The west is broken into bars
> Of orange, gold and gray;
> Gone is the sun, come are the stars,
> And night infolds the day.
>
> My boat glides down the gliding stream,
> Whose flitting, glowing breast
> Is lighted with one fading gleam,
> The death-smile of the west.
>
> The river flows; the sky is still;
> It hath no ceaseless quest;
> Sad hearts and eyes may flow and fill
> To think of such a rest.
>
> The stream flows on. The skies repose.
> All night the star-beams play,
> In clouds and gleams the river flows.
> The sky is clear alway.

☞ Irritable Schoolmaster—"Now, then, stupid, what's that next word? What comes after cheese?" Dull Boy—"A mouse, sir."

☞ Among the gifts to a newly-married pair at a town in New Jersey the other evening, was a broom sent to the lady, accompanied with the following sentiment:

> "This trifling gift accept from me,
> Its use I would commend;
> In sunshine use the brushy part,
> In storms the other end."

☞ THE WICKEDEST MAN.—John Allen, the "wickedest man in New York," who has been foisted into notoriety, as a penitent, by the Independent and others, now advertises that he has got tired of that sort of thing, and "respectfully requests no curiosity seekers to call on him, unless they wish to spend at least a dollar at the bar."

☞ A servant boy was sent into the town with a valuable ring. He took it out of its box to admire it, and in passing over a plank bridge, let it fall on a muddy bank. Not being able to find it, he ran away, took to the sea, and finally settled in a colony. Having made a large fortune, he came back after many years, and bought the estate on which he had been a servant. While walking one day over his land with a friend, he came to the plank bridge, and there told his friend the story. "I could swear," said he, pushing his stick into the mud, "to the very spot on which the ring dropped. On removing the stick the ring was on the end of it.

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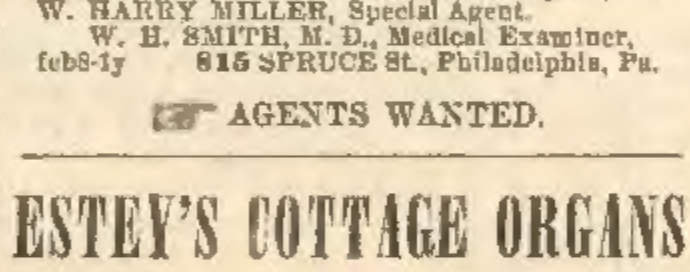

jc6-6m

QUEEN OF ENGLAND SOAP.

Queen of England Soap. Queen of England Soap

For doing a family washing in the best and cheapest manner. Guaranteed equal to any in the world! Has all the strength of the old rosin soap with the mild and lathering qualities of genuine Castile. Try this splendid Soap. Sold by the
ALDEN CHEMICAL WORKS,
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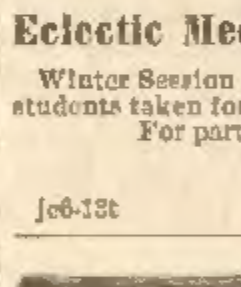
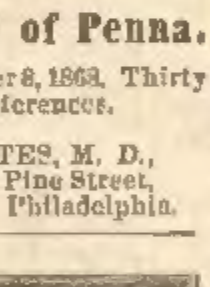
EPILEPSY, OR FITS.

A sure cure for this distressing complaint is now made known in a Treatise (of 48 octavo pages) on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner, that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any druggist. Sent free to all on receipt of their name and address, by Dr. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand St., Jersey City, N. J. sep5-2t



Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES



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A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls.
Address, with stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio. aug1-3m

$200 PER MONTH sure and no money required in advance. Agents wanted everywhere, male or female, to sell our *Patent Everlasting, White Wire Clothes Lines.* Address AMERICAN WIRE CO., 75 William St., New York, or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. aug22-4t

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CURLS! CURLS!—One application will curl your hair into beautiful curls, and last six months in every case, or money refunded. Sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents a package, or three for $1. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

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These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

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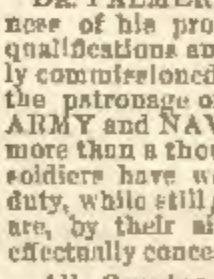
oct30-1y

REALSCHULE.—The Polytechnic College Preparatory School for Boys and Young Men, established on the plan of the Realschulen of Germany, at GWYNEDD, Montgomery Co., Pa., will reopen Sept. 7th.

The ancient languages are not taught, the time usually devoted to them being employed in the more careful study of English, Mathematics, Experimental Science and Natural History.

For circulars, address C. E. HILTON, A. M., Principal, Gwynedd, Pa. aug20 2t



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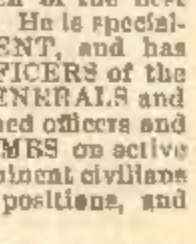

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-cowly

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aug29-2t

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CATARRH HEADACHE, NEURALGIA RHEUMATISM, &c. cured by *BRIGGS' Allevantor* a reliable remedy. Sold everywhere. 50c. & $1. Samples free by Express Dr. J. BRIGGS & Co. 203 Broadway N. Y
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$30,000 FOR A FORTUNE.—Every Young Lady or Gentleman who has any desire to accumulate wealth, can have 32 pages of desirable information, and terms to Agents free, by addressing WOOD & CO., Vernon, N. Jersey.
my16-6m

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$1200 A YEAR TO AGENTS to sell the STAR SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. *Full particulars free.* Extra inducements to experienced Agents. Call on or address W. G. WILSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio; Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.
aug29-13t

A **LADY** who has been cured of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing stamp,
MRS. M. MERRITT,
P. O. Box 368, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. aug1-8t

SPANISH CURLING CREAM—An exquisite pomade for Curling straight Hair into wavy ringlets or massive curls. *Warranted.* Mailed for $1. Address J. JENNISON, Box 5374 P. O., New York. je20-3m

500 PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS of the most celebrated personages of the age, mailed for 10 cents. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. my16-6m

$10 A DAY FOR ALL.—Stencil Tool Samples free. Address A. J. FULLAM, Springfield, Vt. aug15-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Frightened at a Gong.

We have heard of a funny story told of a young fellow residing in one of the tobacco-growing counties of Virginia, who recently made his first visit to Richmond, the capital of the "Old Dominion," for the purpose of selling his crop, seeing the sights, and rubbing off some of the rust which his backwoods "fetching up" had thrown upon his manners.

He reached Richmond about the middle of the forenoon, and was fortunate in selling his crop at an advantageous rate and almost immediately. Meeting with an old school-fellow—one who had lived in the city long enough to know its ways—he was advised to take up his lodgings at Boyden's, the crack house of the place; and thither he at once went with his bag and baggage. Just before dinner his city friend called upon him, and found him comfortably located in a room just at the head of the stairs. It was close upon dinner time.

"Suppose we take something to start an appetite?" said the chap who had just "come down."

"Agreed," rejoined the city friend; "a glass of wine and bitters for me."

"Let's go down to the bar and get it—dinner's most ready," continued the tobacco-grower.

"We might as well have it up here," was the rejoinder.

"Good lick; but how are we to call for it?"

"Ring that bell there."

"What bell?"

"Pull that rope hanging there."

The young man laid hold of the rope and gave it a jerk, and just at that moment the gong sounded for dinner. Never had he heard such a sound before, and the rumbling crash came upon his ear with a report that stunned him. He staggered back from the rope, raised both hands in horror, and exclaimed—

"Great Jerusalem, what a smash! I've broke every piece of crockery in the house! There aint a whole dish left! You must stick by me, old fellow," addressing his friend; "don't leave me in this scrape, for my whole crop won't half pay the breakage. What did you tell me to touch that cursed rope for?"

But before his friend, who was all but bursting with laughter, could answer, a servant entered the room with—

"Did you ring the bell, sir?"

"Bell? no. Blame your bell; I never touched your bell in my life. What bell? I never saw your bell!"

"Somebody rang the bell of this room, that's certain," continued the servant.

"No, they didn't. There's nobody here that ever saw a bell;" and then turning to his friend, exclaimed, aside, "Let's lie him out of it. I shan't have a cent to go home if I pay the entire damage. What do they get such rascally traps as that for, to take folks in from the country?"

After a violent fit of laughter, the friend was enabled to explain that it was only the gong sounding for dinner—a simple summons to "walk down to soup" got up on the Chinese plan. They made their way to the dining-room, but it was some time before the young tobacco-grower could get over the stunning and awful effects of that dreadful gong. "It was a Godsend," he said, "that the crash did not turn my hair gray on the spot."

A Dilemma.

A young parson of the Universalist faith, many years since, when the Simon-pure Universalism was preached, started Westward to attend a convention of his brethren in the faith. He took the precaution to carry a vial of cayenne in his pocket, to sprinkle his food with, as a preventive to fever and ague. The convention met; and at dinner a tall Hoosier observed the parson as he seasoned his meat, and addressed him thus:

"Stranger, I'll thank you for a leetle of that 'ere red salt, for I'm kind o' cur'ous to try it."

"Certainly," returned the parson; "but you will find it very powerful; be careful how you use it."

The Hoosier took the proffered vial, and feeling himself proof against any quantity of raw whiskey, thought that he could stand the "red salt" with impunity, and accordingly sprinkled a junk of beef rather bountifully with it, and forthwith introduced it into his capacious mouth. It soon began to take hold. He shut his eyes, and his features began to writhe, denoting a very *inharmonious* condition physically. Finally he could stand it no longer. He opened his mouth and screamed "fire!"

"Take a drink of cold water from the jug," said the parson.

"Will that put it out?" asked the martyr, suiting the action to the word. In a short time the unfortunate man began to recover, and turning to the parson, his eyes yet swimming in water, exclaimed:

"Stranger, you call yourself a 'Varsellist, I believe?"

"I do," mildly answered the parson.

"Wal, I want to know if you think it consistent with your belief to go about with hell-fire in your breeches pockets?"—*Banner of Light.*

The Model Husband.

He walks out with his wife on a week-day, and is not afraid of a milliner's shop. He even has "change" when asked for it, and never alludes to it afterward. He is not above carrying a large bundle or a cotton umbrella, or even holding the baby in his lap in an omnibus. He runs on first to knock at the door when it is raining. He goes outside if the carriage is full. He goes to bed first in cold weather. He gets up in the night to rock the cradle or answer the door-bell. He believes in hysterics, and is melted instantly by a tear. He patches up a quarrel with a velvet gown, and drives away the sulks with a trip to Central Park. He never flies out about his buttons, or brings home friends to supper. His clothes never smell of tobacco. He respects the curtains, and never smokes in the house. He never invades the kitchen, and would no more think of "blowing up" the servants than of ordering the dinner. He is innocent of a latch-key. He lets the family go out of town once every year, while he remains at home with one knife and fork, sits on a brown Holland chair, sleeps on a curtainless bed, and has a char-woman to wait on him. He is very easy and affectionate, keeping the wedding anniversary punctually.

☞ The lower order of Chinese in California it is said to fatten rats for the table.

DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.

CITY FRIEND.—"Beautiful, promising weather, Mr. Cloverdal
FARMER.—"Ya-a-s. But we shan't hev' any nice mouldy hay fo

How to See Niagara.

To see Niagara, you buy eleven silk dresses for your wife, and six shirts for yourself. You then get all the ready money you have, borrow all your friends have, and make arrangements for unlimited credit at two or three good solvent banks. You then take six trunks, some more money, a nurse, a colored servant, some more money; and then, after getting some more money, and extending your credit at one or two more strong banks, you set out. It is better, if possible, just before you leave, to mortgage your homestead and get some more money.

After getting there, your cheapest plan will be to purchase a hotel, and a carriage and team. You can stay there a week, and then give away the hotel and carriage, and still make money by the operation.

If not disposed to economy, you can pursue the ordinary lavish American way of taking rooms at a caravansary, and paying for everything at the regular rates.

The first step in seeing Niagara is to dress your wife in one of her most expensive suits. Yourself ditto. Your wife then goes into the parlors on exhibition. You light a cigar, go out on the verandah, and put your heels high up on a column. While your wife finds out whether anybody has any more expensive clothes than she, you occupy yourself in trying to stare some woman out of countenance.

As a general thing, your effort in this will be a failure.

Sometimes, after people have examined each other for a week or so, in the parlors and at the dinner-table, they take a fancy to go out and look at some water, which at this place runs over a hill. This is not always done. Nevertheless, when there is a lull in other affairs, some of the more energetic visitors go out and visit the river.

The water falls over the precipice at a point some sixty feet from the rear of the hotel. To visit this remarkable phenomenon, you negotiate for a barouche, a pair of horses, and a driver.

To get over this sixty feet, you get in the carriage, and are driven slowly down the river for three miles. This is what happened to me.

When I had been driven toward the falls for three miles, the driver said we were at the whirlpool. Paid him a dollar for the information, and then went down to see the whirlpool.

You have an excellent view of the whirlpool from the top of the bank. But there are stairs which go down to the water, where the view is not half so good, owing to the lowness of the situation. You can go down in half an hour if you hurry. When you get down to the bottom, you can see nothing, and therefore prepare to ascend.

It is broiling hot, and an ascent of five hundred steps stares you in the face.

When one reaches the top he has just enough life in him to be able to read a sign which has been hung up while he was away: "One dollar each, to be appropriated for the benefit of orphans."

My representation to the young man that I was an orphan, had no effect. It was some other orphan that he labored for. He was an orphan of about fifty years. I felt sorry for his motherless condition.

There is another desolate orphan there, who is armless, and who is bereft of his parents at the tender age of sixty-five. For being an orphan, and for not having any arms, he collects a dollar from each visitor.

Paying the driver another dollar for having waited for me, I continued the journey to the Falls. The next move in getting to the Falls consists in driving over into Canada. For the privilege of going over into Canada, one pays a man a dollar.

The Canadian journey to the Falls is romantic and full of incident. You begin by paying something to a woman who charges for passing her house.

The next view of the Falls is a blind man with a camera; you pay him something. There is a legless man with a prism; you pay him something.

Another fine view of the Falls occurs here. You pay a man five dollars for a photograph of yourself seated in your carriage.

As you drive along you obtain views of the Falls by disbursing at a hotel for lemonades; to another blind man, to an Indian, to somebody who exhibits a stuffed wildcat, to a woman with fawns, to a man with rocks, and some sixty or seventy others. The regular minimum charge of each one of these is one dollar.

After having paid these respective drafts the carriage goes back to the hotel, and drives over on Goat Island. There is a charge of one dollar for going on Goat Island.

The drive is a fine one. Being completely shut in with trees, it is shady and cool. In the distance one catches glimpses of water.

Returning to the hotel, after a drive of five hours, I dismissed the carriage, and then walked out on t
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A Graphic

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Description.

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The Hunting Ox.

The novel expedient in hunting here described has been for several years practised by California sportsmen in their raids upon the feeding grounds of the wild geese. By this method the hunter is enabled to get so near the dense masses as often to kill forty or fifty birds at a single discharge of a double-barrelled shot-gun:—

After the above exciting interlude, I sat quiet awhile, endeavoring to get cool. The deer, I noted, were all upon their feet, as if alarmed by the smell of my tobacco. A new animal also made his appearance on the savannah since my last observation—a fine gray ox, which was grazing on the further side. With that unreasoning instinct which one soon learns in the forest, my eyes fixed themselves upon this animal, although no sign appeared to excite rational suspicion. He appeared to be walking, or lounging, in a circle. Slowly and carelessly he moved on, grazing here and dozing there, but always circling round. Ha! well might they seem odd, those four legs! A man was walking beside the off-shoulder with one hand on the near horn and a gun in the other. The docile animal circled nearer and nearer the herd, which regarded him suspiciously, but made no movement. I felt sure that he was as much interested in the event as the best-bred retriever in English turnip-fields. The bucks tossed their heads impatiently, and stamped their little hoofs, but the does had apparently no suspicions, and mostly lay down again. By an accident, the hunter chose his range at a point just opposite to me. I saw the long barrel—painted with black gum, that it might not sparkle—pushed over the ox's back. A jet of fire, pale in the brilliant sunshine, shot forth, and the noblest deer of the herd leapt high into the air. Down the savannah they came, rolling one another over in the panic. With head thrown back, and the fore-legs gathered beneath him, a fine buck led the way; at fifty yards from me they had disappeared under the trees—but led by another monarch. The bravest of their bucks lay prone upon the grass! I turned, while re-loading, to look for my brother sportsman. Behold! his wondrous ox had developed a new accomplishment! See it now, careering over the savannah like a Derby crack, bearing its master in safety to the hills, with the deer also upon its back!

☞ A rural cotemporary, in an obituary notice of a friend, says: "He was all that those who knew him best could wish. He left behind him a blessed memory and $7,000 in Government bonds."

AGRICULTURAL.

What Made the Difference?

Mr. —— and Mr. P—— were near neighbors in a thriving country town. Last spring each of them bought a pig. Mr C—— bought a nice clean animal, judged to weigh about 100 pounds. Three weeks later Mr. P—— bought just as nice and thrifty an animal, which weighed about 75 pounds. Last November Mr. C—— killed his pig, which weighed when dressed, 380 pounds. Mr. P—— kept his pig through the winter, and this spring it will not weigh 200 pounds.

The question arises, what made this great difference? Some may say that one had good and the other poor "luck." This is not true, for there was no "luck" about it. *Care and feed*, and nothing else, made the difference. Mr. C—— had a nice, clean pen for his pig, fed him well and regularly, and gave him a comfortable place to eat and sleep in; while Mr. P—— kept his pig in a dirty, muddy place; the only covering over him except the sky, was made of four-foot wood laid on the rafters, and when he bought meal for him, he carried it home in a paper bag under his arm, from which fact his manner of feeding may be inferred. *Care and feed* almost invariably make the whole difference between the sleek, fat, clean, healthy animals of the good farmer, and the poor, lousy, lean, lank, slab-sided, ungainly, and unthrifty creatures which the shiftless farmer calls his "cattle."—*American Farmer.*

Soil Under Buildings.

Whenever soil is covered for any length of time by buildings or other objects which prevent transpirations, nitre or saltpetre is generated, and this is greatly accelerated if the building is occupied by animals, especially by the horse. This soil is of great value in compost, and will well and amply repay the farmer for removing and applying it to his soil. In compost it is highly useful. As a top dressing, few articles are more efficient, and when applied in sufficient quantities to all light soils, and in conjunction with lime or wood ashes, it acts with great vigor, and secures most healthy and luxuriant growth. The percentage of alimentary matter contained in grass, manured with nitrous earth, has been exhibited to be greater than that supplied by an equal weight of hay grown on land manured with putrescent substances simply. It is also more palatable, much more elastic in the fibre and foliage, and consequently less liable to loss, as well as more easily cured. The soil under tie-ups, lintels, barns, wood houses and stable floors, should be removed and saved every three or four years, and replaced by muck or some other substance which will be transformed into manure. That is, always supposing that the earth can be conveniently got at.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

MARKET GARDENS.—The market gardens are generally good specimens of high farming. The cultivators reap enormous crops from small lots of land. About New York they employ a working capital of $300 an acre; under drain thoroughly; use from 50 to 100 tons of manure on each acre every year; have two, three, and four crops in succession during the season on the same land; never let a weed show itself; pay from $100 to $300 an acre rent and taxes, and make a handsome profit besides.

RECEIPTS.

TO CLEAN WHITE KID SHOES AND GLOVES.—Dip a piece of flannel into cold milk. Squeeze it a little. Then rub it on some yellow soap, and rub the kid quickly with the flannel, and the dirt will be removed very readily. Squeeze the flannel again in the milk without any soap, and rub the kid again. Wipe dry with a clean linen cloth. The things will be ready to wear in an hour.

CREAKING DOORS.—The noise is remedied by rubbing yellow soap on the hinges. This is better than oil.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 5 letters.
My 1, 4, 5, 3, is a verb.
My 1, 4, 3, is a vehicle.
My 1, 2, 4, 5, is connected with gluttony.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, is a bundle.
My 2, 4, 5, is an animal.
My 2, 3, 4, 2, raises up.
My 2, 4, 1, 3, requires swiftness.
My 3, 4, 2, is an organ.
My 4, 2, 2, 4, 1, is a drink.
My 4, 2, 3, is a verb.
My 4, 2, 5, is a member.
My 4, 1, 2, 3, is a measure.
My 5, 4, 2, 3, is a domestic animal.
My 5, 4, 2, will spoil.
My 5, 4, 1, 3, is a spice.
My whole is an article very welcome on the breakfast-table, but seldom found pure in the city. W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

Riddle.

My 1st is in teal, but not in duck,
My 2nd is in hem, but not in tuck;
My 3rd is in planet, but not in star,
My 4th is in cart, also in car;
My 5th is in dine, but not in eat,
My 6th is in radish, but not in beet;
My 7th is in day, but not in night,
My 8th is in loose, but not in tight;
My 9th is in eagle, but not in crow,
My 10th is in reap, but not in sow.
My whole is instructive and entertaining. EVA.
Brinkley's Station, O.

Arithmetical Question.

Peter owed his neighbor Simon a note of hand, demanding on the face of it $500, running on interest at 6 per centum per annum. The former agreed with the latter to pay him daily $1 on note and its accruing interest; the payments also to be accounted on interest at the same rate. The question is, in how many days can Peter fully lift his note? PETER PLAIN.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

From the brink of a precipice I threw a stone, and eight seconds afterward heard it strike on the rocks below. What distance did the stone fall? R. B.
Manchester, Tenn.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a promising ball-player like flour and eggs? Ans.—Because he's calculated to make a good batter.

☞ When are fish a little crazy? Ans.—When they get in-seine.

☞ When was beef steak the highest? Ans.—When the cow jumped over the moon.

Answers to Last.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst." *ENIGMA*—"Open rebuke is better than secret love." *CHARADE*—Eve.

CANNING CORN.—I worked faithfully, and always unsatisfactorily, at corn canning through four seasons before coming to a result that in the least satisfied me. But at length I stumbled in the dark upon a plan by which I have been enabled to can corn successfully with one hour's boiling, and bring it out after one year I *know*—ten I believe, with very nearly all the flavor of fresh gathered green corn.

First, I boil the corn previously fifteen minutes, on the ear. This hardens the outside of the grains so that they are readily shelled. Then the grain is dried in pans for an hour in an oven at a moderate heat, or a day spread out in warm sunshine. Next move is to salt it just so much as will season it for the table, fill tin cans with it, leaving a half inch of space, put a gill or so of water into each can, seal up, leaving only an aperture the size of a large pin for the escape of gas.

Thus prepared, I place the cans in a flat bottomed kettle, having in it enough water to reach within half an inch of the top of the cans. Then boil moderately three-quarters of an hour, and with a drop of solder seal up the vent in each can as it is taken from the kettle.

Corn prepared and canned in this manner and set away in a cool place, I believe will keep perfectly sweet and good as long as it is required to keep it. M.

JELLIED VEAL.—Take a knuckle of veal, wash it nice, put it in a pot with water enough to cover it, boil it slowly for two or three hours, then take out all the bones, be sure to pick out all the little ones, cut the meat into small pieces, put it back in the liquor, season to your taste with pepper, salt and sage, let it stew away until pretty dry, turn it in an oblong dish, or one that will mold it well to cut in slices. This is a nice relish for breakfast or tea.

MELON MANGOES.—Cut a small square piece out of one side, and through that take out all the seeds, mix them with mustard seeds and shred garlic; stuff the melon with them, as full as the space will allow, and replace the square piece, binding it up with fine pack thread. Boil a sufficient quantity of vinegar to allow for washing, with pepper, salt and ginger, and pour it boiling hot over the mangoes for four successive days; the last day you pour it over, add flour of mustard, and scraped horseradish to the vinegar just as it boils up. Tie up closely; be careful there is plenty of vinegar, all pickles are spoilt if not kept well covered with vinegar, and the greater number of times the boiling vinegar is poured over the mangoes, the sooner it will be ready for use.

TO WASH LAWN AND MUSLIN.—Delicate lawn and muslin dresses are so frequently spoiled by bad washing, the colors of the fabrics yielding so readily to the action of soap, that it is better to adopt a method of cleaning the finest materials, and imparting to them the appearance of newness. Take two quarts of wheat bran, and boil it for half an hour in soft water. Let it cool; then strain it, and pour the strained liquor into the water in which the dress is to be washed. Use no soap. One rinsing alone is required, and no starch. The bran water not only removes the dirt, and insures against change of color, but gives the fabric a pleasanter stiffness than any preparation of starch. If the folds are drawn from the skirts and sleeves, the dress will iron better; and will appear, when prepared in this way, as fresh as new.